September 1967

Ramparts

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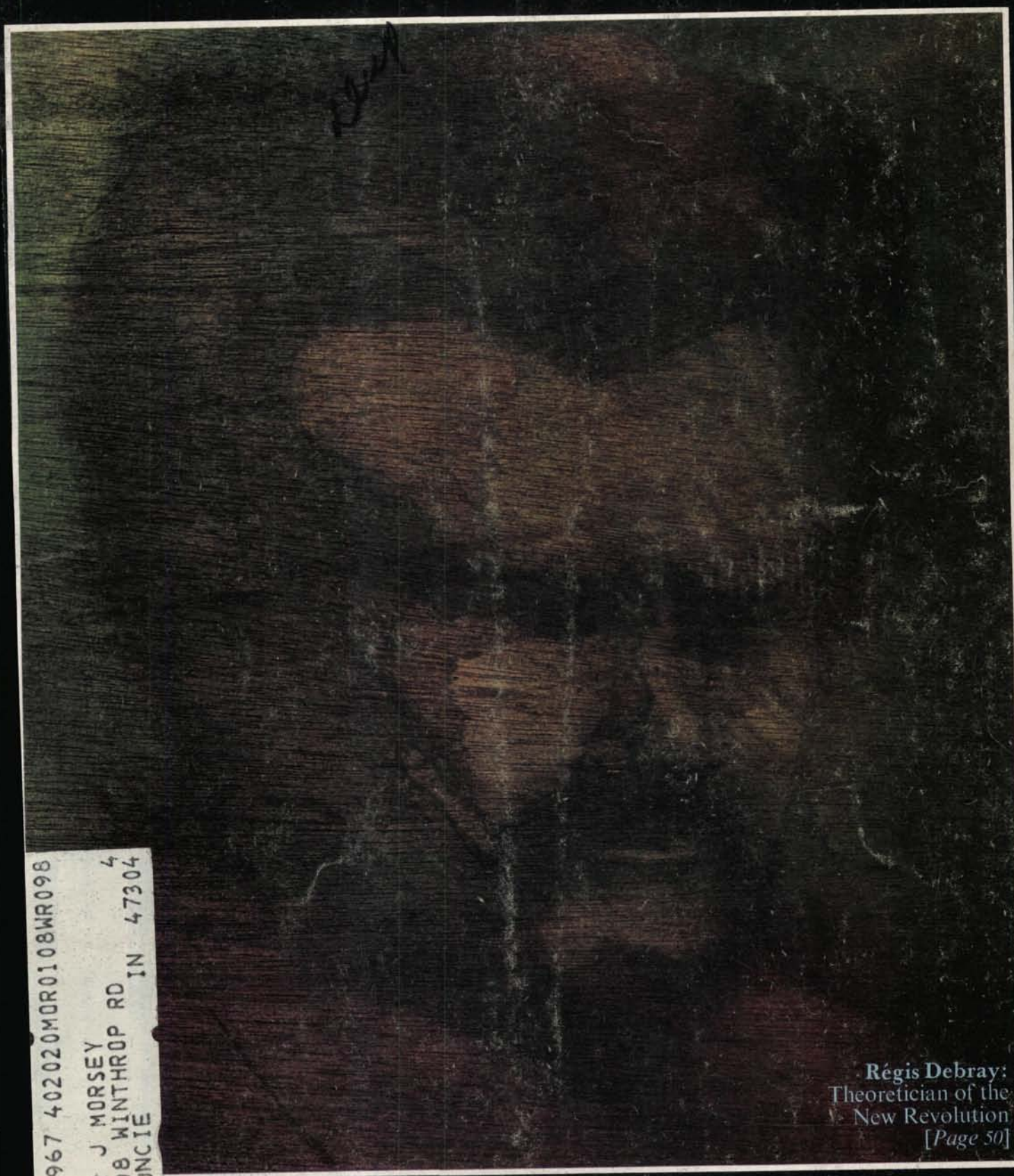

Régis Debray:
Theoretician of the New Revolution
[*Page 50*]

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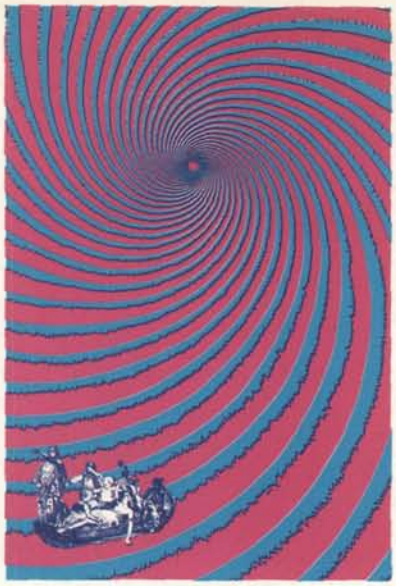

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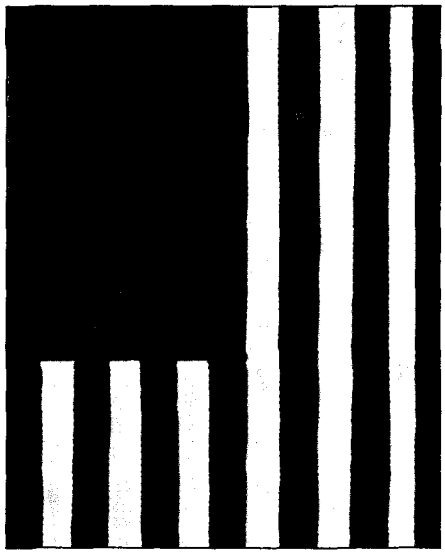

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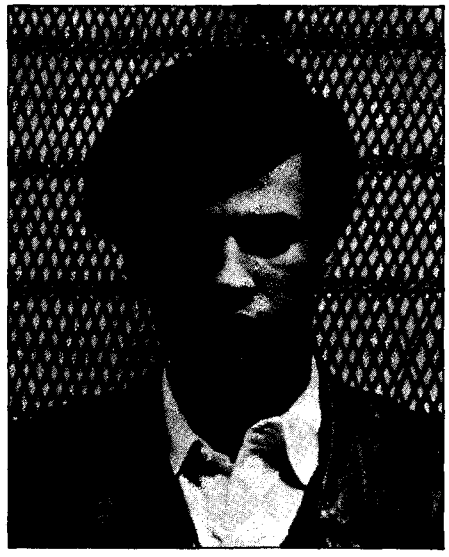

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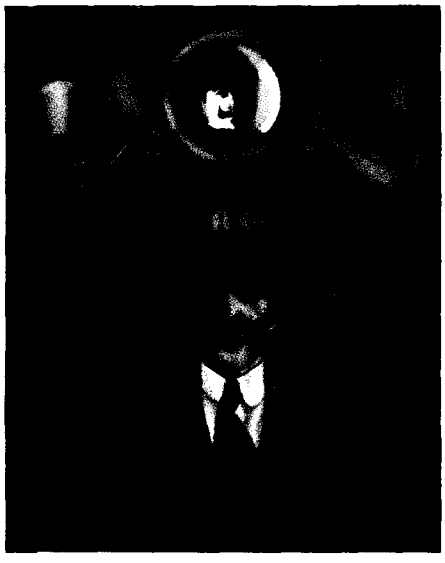

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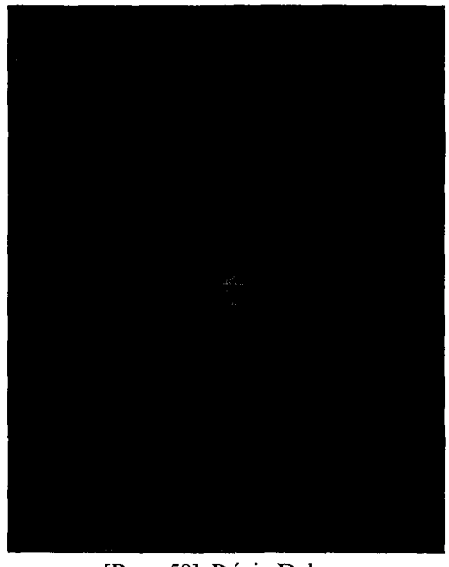

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Ramparts

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Apologia:

MANAGING EDITOR Bob Scheer, making like a one-man Hearst task force, is in Cairo—the first American newspaperman allowed in since the Trouble. We are now very uptight holding the presses, like in the Humphrey Bogart newspaper flicks, so if his report on why the Arabs did it arrives one minute before the Last Minute you will find it bound in somewhere in the mag. But if you don't see his cable, kindly do not remove the staples and attempt to shake it out. Just like paying the phone bill, wait till next month.

Meanwhile, there is a war on in America. To understand partially why, you should read the Congressional Record where Congress, in an act fit for the Czars, refused to vote a stinking $20 million for rat control, since most Congressmen's kids have never, of course, been bitten by rats. To understand why a little more, you should read the writings of revolutionary theorist Régis Debray (p. 50) and the case study of Guatemala illustrating his thesis that revolutions can't be imported like cars or communism (p. 56).

We also kept the presses idling late into the month to incorporate the latest fearsome developments in our story of the why and wherefore of America's black guerrillas (p. 24). This sort of urgent journalism makes RAMPARTS the only monthly contemporary with the weeklies, but it gives heartburn to the little man in charge of the calendar at our newsstand distributors. He insists, in anal retentive fashion, that news dealers only like to sell copies dated the month ahead. Thus this edition, which in calmer times would be called August, has been rechristened September.

If pressed for further explanation, we can only refer you to the legendary remark of Miss Dorothy Parker when being dunned for her New Yorker copy by a messenger. The errand boy had been pounding on the door of her East Hampton house for 15 minutes when, finally, a second story window shot open. "What do you want?" Miss Parker yelled. "I'm here to get your copy for Mr. Ross," the boy said. "Well," Miss Parker replied, shutting the window, "You tell Ross I'm too fucking busy and vice versa." W.H.

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Marginalia

Letters:

TRIBUNALS . . .

SIRS:

Robert Scheer's description of Lord Russell [RAMPARTS, May 1967] is perfect and comes over strong. It seems that there is a concerted effort by the news media to discredit this great man. To propose the nonsense that he is an intellectual captive of anyone is preposterous, when what he is saying now is what he has been saying for the last 75 years.

MRS. S. A. WILSON
Oceanside, California

SIRS:

One of the most common arguments I receive against Lord Russell's Tribunal is that the Viet Cong are committing atrocities equally condemnable as those of the U.S. Why bring judgment then only on America? Why not on the Viet Cong? What they fail to take into consideration is the tremendous difference in purpose and power between the two.

The Viet Cong are fighting for food and their families; and while they may not have any right to be there, they yet have a more valid reason than the United States, who is there solely out of greed—"to make the world safe for democracy"—namely, dictatorial democracy.

PATRICIA LANGLOIS
Maywood, Illinois

SIRS:

RAMPARTS' story about Bertrand Russell uses the dishonourable tricks of Luce journalism. It pretends to be an "inside job" and purports to deny the more disreputable attacks upon our work, while suggesting the same things in a different way. Scheer's method is to appear well-disposed while inserting damaging "facts" which he invents.

1. I was not in London when Scheer wrote his story. Although we met a year and a half ago, we have never discussed the Russell Foundation, the War Crimes Tribunal or my personal history.

2. My activity at Princeton bears no relation to Scheer's report. To take one example, I never sought "to integrate" the eating clubs, but to destroy them—a difference which embodies the differences between Scheer and myself.

3. The Russell Foundation is not "terribly amateurish" or "poorly financed." It is not run out of "two dilapidated rooms on Shavers Place." The Russell Foundation operates out of six rooms at Shavers, six rooms at 11A Wormwood St. and a ten room, four story building on Rivington St., owned by the Foundation.

4. Our office is not a "one woman office." Our full-time paid staff numbers 16 in London and will be expanded with the preparation of our journal.

5. The Foundation and the War Crimes Tribunal are not "devoid of cadres," nor are we a "political party of four." I am the chairman of a national campaign for solidarity with Vietnam with 60 affiliated organisations, encompassing all the major tendencies on the Left, including pacifists and non-socialists.

6. The Tribunal office has not fallen into the world of "little Left sects." There is nothing nightmarish about our supporters, who embrace a wide spectrum and include Lord Brockway, Professor Dorothy Hodgkin and the leading anti-war groupings. Major trade unions are on record in support and 20 trade union general secretaries supported our campaign at the Trade Union Congress last year. In this respect, we are ahead of the American movement.

7. As I travel 70 per cent of my time, it is difficult for me to be "over-protective" towards Bertrand Russell.

8. I did not "approach Russell for a job" in April 1960, or any other time.

9. Bertrand Russell's message to the Tricontinental did not "take a pro-Chinese line in the Sino-Soviet dispute." It does not even refer to the dispute, and the political line is the same as all the statements approximately one year previous to that message, as well as subsequent statements.

10. Bertrand Russell has struggled for an understanding of the Tribunal's role which permits people to see that the prima facie case against the United States is comparable to that against the Nazis, requiring an examination precisely because crimes are known to exist.

11. Character assassination, for whatever motives, is rather ugly. As to insolence, arrogance and obnoxiousness, Scheer's article is its own reply.

RALPH SCHOENMAN
London, England

. . . AND TRIBULATIONS

SIRS:

Don Duncan's report [RAMPARTS, May 1967] on the Americans' use of pineapple and guava bombs simply confirms that by their fruits shall ye know them.

STEVE WHITFIELD
New Orleans, Louisiana

SIRS:

The article on Capt. Levy in the July issue, although nicely illustrated, was melodramatic. How could two grown men come up with such sensational garbage?

ADAM F. WARREN
Los Angeles, California

Editor's Note: The opinions and observations in the article in the July issue of RAMPARTS about the trial of Captain Howard Levy were entirely those of RAMPARTS Military Editor Don Duncan. J.A.C. Dunn did not collaborate with Mr. Duncan in writing the article. He was named as a co-author only because Mr. Duncan made use, in some instances, of Mr. Dunn's factual reporting of the trial. Mr. Dunn bears no responsibility for the opinions expressed in the article.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

The July issue of RAMPARTS went on sale July 10. This issue goes on sale August 15. To comply with the requirements of the newsstand industry that magazines be dated one month ahead of on sale date, this issue will be called September. The volume numbering and monthly frequency of RAMPARTS are not affected, and expiration dates of all current subscriptions will be extended by one month.

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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Cops:

L.A.'s "BLACK FRIDAY"

by Andrew Kopkind

LOS ANGELES has had riots by Negroes in Watts and riots by hippies on the Sunset Strip. Both were classics of their genre, worthy of the hyperbolic State of California. But the movie flicks say you're only as good as your last headline, and so the hyper-Americans invented a brand-new happening: a riot by police on the back lot of 20th Century Fox—that is, it used to be Fox's back lot. It is now "Century City," a glassy, classy complex of towering offices and apartment blocks, and the police who massed there were not Keystone cops.

They had come to guard the President of the United States from the citizens of his largest, wealthiest state. Mr. Johnson was dining out on summit stories with Democratic politicians and money-men (subscription was 1000 bucks a couple) in the New Century Plaza Hotel and was hustled into the hotel by a rear door. And wisely at that: at the same time, 15-20,000 people were marching down the "Avenue of the Stars" in front of the building, and they were not there to applaud the President. They were, in what is now common practice during visits by roaming administration leaders, protesting the war in Vietnam. It was the usual mix, with perhaps fewer hippies with flowers and white rabbits, and a few more mothers with baby carriages. They had met in a park a mile or so from the hotel and in the course of the early evening's picnicking they had heard speeches by Dr. Spock, Muhammad Ali, Rap Brown and local peaceniks. At one point, officers circulated in the crowd distributing injunctions secured by the hotel, prohibiting an assembly in front of its doors. Some paid attention, others did not. Soon the march was under way, with singing and chanting and banners held high.

The crowd was still good-natured as it passed the hotel, but suddenly there was a tactical controversy. A few hundred marchers would not abide by the injunction, and sat down squarely in the Avenue of the Stars. Others moved on, or waited idly by to see what would happen. The 1300 policemen, decked out with riot helmets, guns and billy clubs, grew tense. A police captain announced over a loudspeaker that the assembly was unlawful and that those who did not disperse would be arrested. Some minutes passed and the captain announced his order once more. Then, as much of the crowd began picking its way through the sitters, the police charged forward, clubs flailing. A lawyer in the march described the scene: "I saw a solid wall of white helmets and billy clubs, descending. I heard the sickening, cracking sound made by a club striking a man's head, and saw men, women and even children fall under the assault of policemen. I saw people injured, bleeding, frightened and crying."

Another lawyer, a monitor who was helping marchers move on, later made a formal statement: "A police officer knocked down two boys on the right and one of them fell in front of me and I fell over him, with my back to the officer. He then hit me on the side of my head with his club and as I arose gasping for breath he hit me with the tip of his billy club in my abdomen."

Down the line, policemen on motorcycles "fish-tailed" into the crowd, stopping and starting abruptly so that the rear wheels swung widely and knocked bystanders to the ground, many of them unconscious. On the balconies of the hotel, guests (who paid $36 for the good rooms with a view) cheered the police charge. Inside, the President dined on *filet mignon forestière* (*garni* with *julienne* of raw spinach and chopped egg). He appeared unconcerned, although when the police were rioting most ferociously, the Secret Service considered a hasty evacuation by helicopter, according to the technique developed in Vietnam.

No one—police, marchers or observers—reported the slightest indication of aggressive intent or action on the part of the demonstrators. The police might have been content to arrest those who sat down and haul them away—although there is some question whether the injunction to prohibit assembly was lawful—but the police completely lost their

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Egypt

A SPECIAL REPORT FROM MANAGING EDITOR ROBERT SCHEER IN CAIRO

IN THE WEEKS between President Nasser's June 10th announcement that he would not, after all, resign, and his first public appearance on July 23rd, Cairo remained a city at war, unable to accept the peace. Strips of adhesive protected the windows of the near-empty Hilton, sadly bereft of American tourists, and auto headlights remained painted over a dark blue in expectation of an Israeli air attack. Talk in the lovely garden restaurants revolved desperately about the necessity of revenge and was heavily laced with anti-Americanisms. It was suddenly as if the old lady American tourists who used to come here for their arthritis had turned out to be agents of the international Zionist conspiracy. Despite the fierceness of a portion of their rhetoric, the Egyptians had not developed the temperament of war, and the lazy calm of this country has now been shattered by the specter of fleeing and napalmed soldiers, cowardly or traitorous officers and an enemy who is genuinely feared encamped, hours from Cairo. The people had not anticipated the war, but were certain of an easy victory if it came. Now, in the aftermath of defeat, they nurture a bitterness over the Israeli "aggression" that may well never disappear. On the other hand, interviews with government officials and influential private citizens left me convinced that among the Egyptian leadership there is a new sense of political realism that may yet temper the almost suicidal hostility to Israel.

Nasser was sincere in his resignation and acceptance of responsibility for the defeat. Apparently, he was as shocked as the foreign observers here by the massive, spontaneous show of support which began moments after he announced his resignation. It is difficult for an outsider to understand why the largest and most obviously moved crowd in Cairo's history poured into the streets to retain an ex-officer in power, when his nation had just suffered the most humiliating of defeats. It was an act which defined the nature of Egyptian politics these past 15 years as even more inextricably tied to the person of Nasser than had been thought. Much of his appeal derives from the real accomplishment of his regime. His tremendous appeal to the lower classes is based primarily on the social reforms which have destroyed the class structure that dominated Egypt for centuries.

But there is a Nasser mystique, which cuts across the class line from the middle class women who are in love with him to those intellectuals who admire his integrity. Even the bulk of what remains of the upper stratum, awaiting the day when Nasser and his regime will collapse, do not bear him personal animosity. The widow of one of the richest of the old Pashas sent the President a telegram urging him to stay on, the inference being that they would need some time to find a suitable alternative.

Responsibility for the defeat was instead fixed by the general public on the officer class, which had been the most privileged, arrogant and powerful in the society. The forced resignation of upwards of 900 top officers took some of the sting out of the defeat and offered prospects of future improvement. There had been much fear of the growing power of the military and of the prospects of an officers' coup.

Although Nasser remained in office, he lived in virtual isolation for six weeks, refusing interviews and appearances while he pondered the next move. Most Egyptians had expected, indeed welcomed, a resumption of the fighting, but Nasser came to Cairo University on the night of July 23rd to tell them that was not possible. In his speech, he referred—for the first time—to the fighting as a defeat rather than merely a setback. He cautioned the crowd, which had chanted "Holy War," that it "must realize that we have to reconstruct the nation and the military establishment." Nasser's call was for a long pause to see if Israel would be persuaded through political means to surrender the occupied land and, failing that, to allow for the rebuilding necessary for any new military effort.

Nasser's position was more moderate than many Egyptians would have preferred, and something of a sell-out in the eyes of the Syrian and Algerian heads of state who had been meeting with him in Cairo during the preceding week.

The Algerians, who had turned out to be far more militant under Boumedienne than Ben Bella, urged Nasser to adopt the posture of North Vietnam. They argued that he should expose Egypt to air attack while continuing total resistance against "American imperialism," which they feel to be the serious force behind Israel, rather than any Zionist conspiracy. There is a large, active Chinese embassy in Algiers, and the Algerians accept the Chinese view that the Soviet Union has worked out a *modus vivendi* with the United States, at the expense of revolutionary movements in the underdeveloped countries. The Algerians characterize as treasonable, but predictable, the reported Russian assurances that Israel would not attack and their reported request for Egypt to hold back.

The Syrians do not possess the political intelligence or commitment of the Algerians, but the Baathist leaders have attempted to compensate for this lack

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with an even more militant posture, *á la Chinois*.

It is a poorly disguised secret that many in the Nasser government hold the Syrians responsible for having provided the Israelis with a pretext for attack. It was the Syrians who made the wildest threats against Israel, encouraged the fedayeen raiders, and did everything possible last May to force Nasser out on a limb. They had frequently criticized Nasser for hiding behind the U.N. troops, and they were often supported in this complaint by rightist King Feisal of Saudi Arabia and King Hussein of Jordan. When the Syrians claimed to have detected 18 Israeli brigades on their border last May, the demand for Egypt to act increased. The corroboration by Russian intelligence of the Syrian claim brought additional pressure. The Soviets did not want war, but they indicated to a visiting Egyptian Parliamentary delegation that some show of strength by Nasser was necessary to prevent an Israeli attack upon Syria.

One ambassador close to the situation claims that the Soviets asked the Egyptians to call for the removal of the U.N. observers. But all of the available evidence here indicates that the Russians did not have any advance knowledge of the request for withdrawal or of the subsequent action on Aqaba.

Many in Cairo believed that Nasser did not anticipate the quick withdrawal of the U.N. observers, but expected the usual diplomatic high noon and verbal escalation followed by some new U.N.-imposed safeguard. But once the U.N. troops were withdrawn, the closing of Aqaba to Israeli ships was automatic, given the Egyptian position that the Straits of Tiran are territorial waters and that Israel is an illegal entity.

An intriguing Cairo rumor has it that Nasser only wanted the observers along the Gaza Strip removed but that Ralph Bunche threatened to work to block the change unless all observers were withdrawn.

Nasser has pointed out that he agreed to U Thant's compromise on Aqaba—that Israeli ships would not pass and Egypt would not search. He had agreed to exchange vice presidential delegations with the United States in response to Johnson's overtures, and of course gave his assurance to both Kosygin and Johnson that he would not attack first. But many Egyptian officials feel that these points were obscured to world opinion because of the hysterical rhetoric of the Syrians, their own Cairo Radio and the antics of Ahmed Shukairy of the Palestine Liberation Front who was headquartered in Cairo. Shukairy himself is not very much in evidence these days, but it is understood that his status is now that of any other exile leader, which in Cairo ranges as far right as ex-King Saud of Saudi Arabia.

THE MILITARY DEFEAT has had a sobering effect on other areas of Egyptian life. Perhaps most important is the defamation of the officer group. In his speech at Cairo University, Nasser stated that he had warned them days in advance of an impending attack and that the officers had failed to respond with adequate preventive measures. He pointedly discussed ending privileges and pay allowances—remarks signaling an end to the coddling of the military.

Some Egyptians will privately state their fears that had the military won the war there would have been no limit to their arrogance. The Moslem Brotherhood, a fanatical rightist group, which once before attempted to stage a coup against Nasser, was thought to have considerable influence in the Army, despite the fact that 800 of the Brotherhood members were in jail. The humbling of the military may cause a more peaceful foreign policy stance if the Israelis do not keep Nasser pushed to the wall. If he cannot hold Egypt together, a rightist military coup is a strong possibility. Its major charge would be that Nasser subverted the war against Israel.

In a further extension of the new realism, Egyptian leaders now publicly admit what they always knew privately to be true: that Egypt, despite its 30 million people, was never the massive Goliath conjured up in both Israeli and UAR propaganda. Egypt is one of the poorest of the underdeveloped countries. Most of its land is desert, except for the thin strip of green along the banks of the Nile. There is an annual three per cent population rise, despite the availability of $12 abortions and a general distribution of birth control information. And Egypt possesses only a tiny fraction of the technical skills available to Israel through European immigration.

It has been a difficult economic struggle, but with the discovery of new and large oil deposits in the Red Sea, the increase in tourism and revenue from the Suez Canal, and the completion of the High Dam scheduled for 1970, there seems to be some light at the end of the tunnel.

The Egyptians are wary of losing all this through war. This is the impression given by most Egyptian officials I have interviewed during my two-week stay in Cairo—that there is something of a yearning to be rid of the Palestine obligation, to cut the defense budget and to get on with the general economic development. But the Egyptians cannot do this with Israel on the banks of the Suez, or even with general refugee problems unsolved.

The economic situation in the aftermath of the war is not as desperate as American press reports would have it. It is true that Suez will be closed for at least nine months, and the tourist industry is probably operating at a loss—but the latter should change with the winter season. The oil captured by the Israelis in the Sinai is closer to 60 per cent of Egypt's current production than the 90 per cent reported, and what remains is adequate for internal needs.

The Sinai loss is not critical, even in the long run, for the American oil companies still working here have discovered extensive fields in Egypt's western desert which are expected to rival those of Libya. With the combination of considerable eastern and Arab bloc aid and the recent slashing of the budget,

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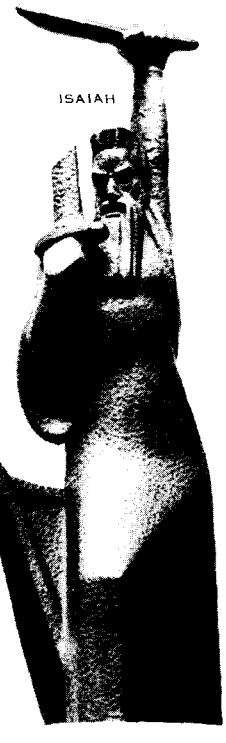

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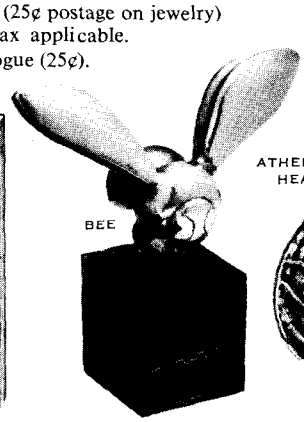

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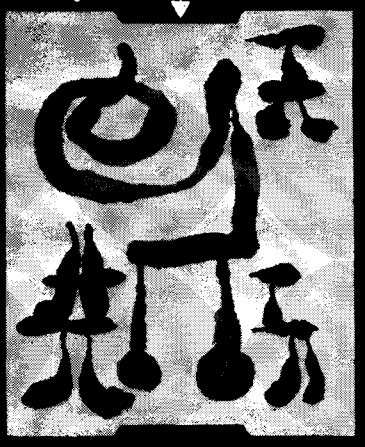

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BRAQUETTE
Lenox, Massachusetts

heads, or their nerve, or their tempers, and produced the most brutality since the battle of the Selma Bridge two and a half years ago in Alabama.

The great police riot, as it is now called, sits uneasily on the conscience of the city. The Los Angeles Times did its own hatchet-job on the march in its first-day story, but the reporters who covered it, and were profoundly disturbed, staged a quiet editorial revolt. A week later, they in effect rewrote the story, with an about-face in point of view. The original report ended with a quote from a press photographer: "These people [the marchers] were like animals. All I can say is that the police did one hell of a good job." The revised version ended with a line from a demonstrator: "All the violence was initiated by the police."

The City Council, bitterly divided, voted in midweek to support the police. The police chief's rationalization for the attack was that he had "inside information" that "agitators" were planning to rush the hotel and, presumably, threaten the President. But in the Times' revised coverage, the full report of an undercover agent who infiltrated the march committee makes no mention of any such scheme. In any case, there was no evidence of it in the behavior of the crowd. The American Civil Liberties Union is preparing a broad legal assault, and the big local "rock" radio station is raising funds for it. Governor Ronald Reagan, on the other hand, thinks that "the police did not use excessive brutality." Just the ordinary kind. For some reason, police in Southern California have always been extraordinarily aggressive—the common phrase is "blue fascism." It shows up everywhere: people strolling in Beverly Hills in the evening are often stopped, frisked and questioned on the assumption that only thieves, murderers and subversives don't ride in cars.

But what aggravates even that natural tendency of the police to aggression is the war mood. It is not confined to Los Angeles. Raids in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Atlanta and Newark and a score of smaller cities suggest that there is a "new brutalism" in the way authority acts to put down resistance. Some claim it is an inevitable "backlash," and the antidote is more caution and moderation on the part of the resisters. More likely, it is a response, perhaps, an inevitable one, to the fragmentation of a national consensus, the breaking of trust, the death of hope.

There is a sense this summer that the society is approaching a point of crisis, an historical moment which will divide that which went before from that which follows. For more than two decades, the U.S. has known the luxury of continuity: despite the small wars, the economic dips and the nasty incidents, this is still the post-war era. There has been no sharp break, nothing like 1929-1932 or 1941-1945. But the rocking and the rolling that many now feel may be the beginning of the new social earthquake. The war triggered it, but there were obviously deeper causes. It is not inappropriate that in California, which gave the world Watts, the hippies and Ronald Reagan, the major cracks are appearing.

Andrew Kopkind, Washington correspondent for the New Statesman (from which this is reprinted), will write a regular column for Ramparts.

Media:

THE PRESS VERSUS GARRISON

by William W. Turner

CLEE HARVEY OSWALD assassinated President Kennedy "beyond a reasonable doubt," intoned Walter Cronkite during the four-night CBS special series on the Warren Report which began on June 26. Presenting an expertly blended mixture of gimmickry, dubious experimentation and selectivity of witnesses, CBS rubber-stamped the Warren Report practically point by point without giving its critics a chance for specific rebuttal. Only a week before, NBC had broadcast its own special, a slapdash but nonetheless damaging flat-out attack on New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison and his assassination conspiracy probe. The charges and conclusions of both programs were widely reported in the daily press; what Americans witnessed was a strange and dangerous new phenomenon in which the networks synthesized news—leaving it to the television/radio columnists to pass judgment on the accuracy of their exposition of evidence.

One could sense an urgency in both productions that betrayed any pretense at objectivity. Why? When Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment* and Edward Jay Epstein's *Inquest* were published last summer, casting a national pall of doubt on the Commission's findings, there were no signs of panic in the Establishment. It was only when Jim Garrison propounded a counter theory to the Report, produced evidence tending to support it, and indicated that he would use the full powers of his office to prosecute the conspirators that beads of sweat started rolling down Washington foreheads.

Six months in the making, at a cost of a quarter million dollars, the CBS series was obviously designed to revitalize sagging public confidence in the Warren Report—polls showed that a meager 35 per cent were true believers. The CBS effort was not without internal struggles.

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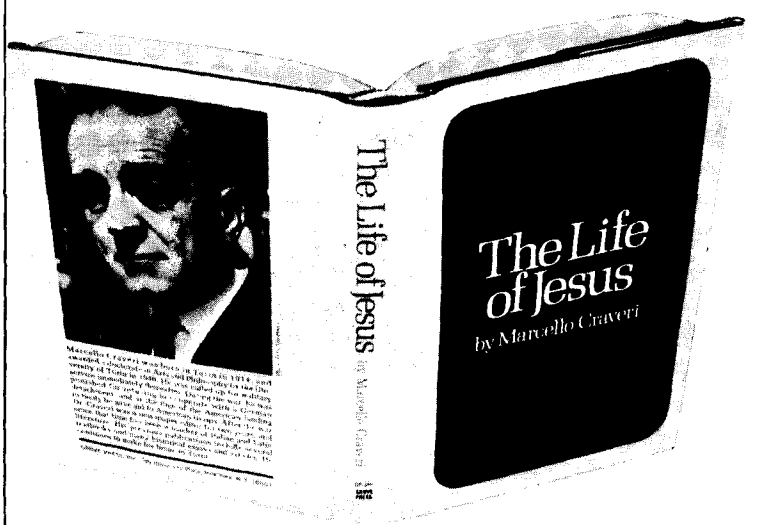
MARCELLO CRAVERI was awarded a doctorate in Arts and Philosophy by the University of Turin in 1940, and has taught Italian and Latin literature there for the past twenty years. He is the author of several textbooks, and numerous historical essays and articles.



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Field Director Robert Richter, who exhaustively interviewed scores of critics and proponents of the Report alike, seemed genuinely inclined towards the critics' point of view when he talked with me, but he allowed that he was having trouble convincing Leslie Midgley, the executive producer in New York, that the critics should get a fair hearing.

They didn't. The script was rewritten four times, and when the series finally unfolded, it was not until the end of the third night that the audience saw a live critic. Thirty-minute tapes had been filmed of Mark Lane and myself, from which were sliced one-minute segments. Meanwhile a string of handpicked witnesses and "experts" were heard from, and Cronkite donned the black cap and pronounced Oswald guilty as charged.

Aware that the skepticism over the Report stemmed from three major inconsistencies—the manifestation of the Zapruder film that the three shots (it was assumed there were only three) had to have been fired within 5.6 seconds, the implausible "magic bullet" theory, and the secrecy over the autopsy x-rays—CBS set out to dispel all doubt.

On the Zapruder film dilemma, CBS trumped the Warren Report by stretching the time constraint to a readily believable nine seconds. At least it thought it did. One technique was to suggest that Oswald may have fired the first shot at frame 186, when the President momentarily appeared through a gap in the tree foliage. Even the Commission had discounted this possibility, *but*—CBS discovered that the Zapruder film was noticeably blurred at frames 190, 227 and 318. Kennedy was behind a freeway sign at 190, but 227 and 318 are several frames after the film shows Kennedy's reaction to the impact of bullets. The blurs, CBS posited, were caused by Zapruder's reflexive "jumping" at the crack of the rifle. A startling discovery—especially considering that frames 195 and 203 show equal blurring, raising the presumption of five shots.

Determined to elongate the time element, CBS further suggested that Zapruder may have inadvertently flipped his camera lever to its slow motion setting; thus his footage represents a time span of up to nine seconds. In point of fact, the faster-running film would have compressed the time to no more than 5.3 and as little as 4.3 seconds.

The "magic bullet" simulation was, on the face of it, impressive. With the help of an outside consultant, CBS laid four blocks of gelatin separated by Masonite slabs end to end; the arrangement was supposed to represent the muscle, flesh, bone and fiber of the bodies of Kennedy and Connally, the governor's wrist, and finally the governor's thigh, all of which the "magic bullet" allegedly passed through. In slow motion, the camera followed the path of the bullet through the four blocks. In each test, the announcer said, the test bullet lodged in the third block, but he quickly pointed out that with *just a bit of extra energy* it would have made it through—and therefore the single bullet theory was possible. But CBS did not insert a "rib cage" to synthesize the one shattered by a bullet. Furthermore, it did not announce the distance from which the test shots were fired (the penetrating ability of a bullet drops off sharply as the distance increases); didn't let its viewers look at the test bullet to compare it with the almost pristine condition of the actual "magic bullet" (CE 399); and neglected to duplicate the eccentric path the "magic bullet" would have had to prescribe.

As for the withheld autopsy photos and x-rays, CBS conceded that the Commission was remiss and sloppy in certain phases of its inquiry, and elicited from John McCloy, a Commission member, the statement that if he had it all to do over again, he would insist that the material be subpoenaed.

The critics' contention that shots came from the Grassy Knoll was dismissed by CBS with what amounted to a haughty wave of the hand; this despite the fact that Ray Marcus, one of the more persistent critics, dropped in on CBS' Midgley when the program was in production and showed him an enlarged photograph of the head and shoulders of a man against a foliage background. "Ah," exclaimed the unsuspecting Midgley, "that's a picture of the man who shot James Meredith from ambush in Mississippi." It wasn't; it was an enlargement from a spectator's photograph showing the Grassy Knoll at the moment the President was shot—and the Warren Commission had insisted no one was on top of the Knoll. Yet on the program Midgley gave his viewers a quick look at the photograph—not a closeup of the enlargement—in effect saying there was no one there, as any fool could plainly see.

CBS's egregious talents were also put

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to work on D.A. Jim Garrison, who came off as a ruthless opportunist trying to convert malpractice into political advantage, and Mike Wallace grilled him with staccato questions along the line of, "Do you still beat your wife?" Garrison, however, happens to be unflappable, and he didn't rise to the bait. In response to one loaded question about a prisoner who claimed to have been offered a deal to say the right thing, he fired back deadpan, "As a matter of fact, this is part of our incentive program for convicts. We also have six weeks in the Bahamas. We give them LSD to get there."

The gross injustice of CBS' treatment of Garrison came into focus when it preempted considerable air time to afford William Gurvich, a newly defected Garrison aide, the opportunity to level a broadside of charges against the D.A. and his investigation, without giving Garrison the opportunity to reply. Garrison had "no case," Gurvich contended, was employing "illegal and unethical methods," and was in fact "paranoiac." Gurvich himself had been "sickened," he claimed, by the arrest of Clay Shaw (it was Gurvich who had proudly announced the arrest). The day following his CBS appearance, Gurvich repeated his charges to a New Orleans grand jury, which decided they had no substance. CBS didn't bother to interrupt its wrap-up program that night to let the nation know.

Although Gurvich preferred to think of himself as Garrison's chief investigator, the facts are somewhat different. He materialized at Garrison's office just before Christmas and offered his services in the investigation. Sorely understaffed, Garrison accepted. Gurvich was never on salary, but his enthusiasm was unquestioned. At one point, when a warrant was obtained for the arrest of Sergio Arcacha-Smith, a former leader of a CIA-sponsored anti-Castro front, Gurvich told Garrison he wanted to go to Dallas and personally make the arrest so he could say, "I've gotcha, Arcacha." (Governor Connally refused to sign extradition papers, and the trip was never made.) But Gurvich, it developed, had never read the Warren Report and its volumes, and had only a shaky grasp of the investigation. Garrison kept the investigation in the hands of his actual chief sleuth, Louis Ivon, a police detective posted to the D.A.'s office. Gurvich's interest began to fade, and for the six weeks prior to his defection he hardly showed up at the office.

During this period Gurvich was meeting frequently in New Orleans with Walter Sheridan, Bobby Kennedy's former "get Hoffa" operative, now evidently NBC's "get Garrison" ramrod. On June 25, Gurvich had a private meeting in New York with Bobby Kennedy, and although both declined comment, the fact that he was defecting leaked to NBC. It was Newsday, the Long Island newspaper for which Bill Moyers left the White House, that broke the story.

THE HASTILY-CONTRIVED NBC special had been scheduled for June 20 in anticipation of Gurvich's defection, but he balked past the deadline. As a surrogate, Saturday Evening Post writer Jim Phelan anchored the program. His article "Rush to Judgment In New Orleans" in the May 6 issue had thrown a cloud of doubt over the testimony of key Garrison witness Perry Russo as to whether he was present when Shaw, David Ferrie and Oswald discussed a scheme to assassinate President Kennedy. Russo had first been interviewed by young Assistant D.A. Andrew J. Sciambra. Phelan contended that Russo had mentioned nothing about the Shaw-Ferrie-Oswald discussion to Sciambra, that the notion of a plot had been implanted in Russo's mind by Garrison while he was under Sodium Pentothal and hypnosis.

As *prima facie* evidence, Phelan introduced a memorandum by Sciambra, reporting his initial interview with Russo which indeed made no mention of the plot discussion. The memorandum had been rather casually handed to Phelan by Garrison; and reading Phelan's piece, one gets the impression he not only assumed it was a complete memorandum, but presumed he had been cut in on *all* of Garrison's case.

The full story is this. Sciambra thoroughly interviewed Russo on Saturday, February 25, at which time the plot discussion was revealed. He reported the interview to Garrison, who, realizing its importance, had Russo come to the office first thing Monday. At that time, Russo repeated the entire story in the presence of a stenographer. To settle the question of Russo's veracity in his own mind as far as possible, Garrison ordered a "truth serum" (Sodium Pentothal) test, which turned out favorable. Then, since over three years had elapsed since the event, Russo was hypnotized to facilitate his recollection of details. Meanwhile the harried Sciambra, trying to keep up with the tide of work engulfing the office, started to dictate his memorandum in bits and snatches. It was half-completed when thrust at Phelan.

Perry Russo claims he was contacted by Jim Phelan, acting on behalf of NBC, to persuade him to recant his testimony. Russo also says Walter Sheridan showed up at his residence shortly before the NBC special and sought his help "to wreck the Garrison investigation." Sheridan dangled a carrot, asserted Russo, in the form of an offer "to set me up in California, protect my job, and guarantee Garrison would never get me extradited back to Louisiana." When he stuck to his story, Richard Townley of NBC's New Orleans affiliate approached him brandishing a stick. Townley threatened, Russo says, to ruin his personal reputation. Garrison has filed criminal charges against Sheridan and Townley for attempting to suborn, but he is keeping his fingers crossed. "Perry asked us for a couple of hundred dollars to get started on a job," Garrison explains, "and we turned him down as a matter of policy. I know it's awful hard for a young man to turn down big offers."

The massive propaganda barrage has been aided not only by the NBC and CBS networks, but by the press at large. Hugh Aynesworth of Newsweek wrote that Garrison was shamelessly preying on the "vulnerability of homosexuals," and the Associated Press disseminated a tendentious series whitewashing the Report—the longest tome in AP history. As for NBC's slanted coverage, Garrison offers the theory that "NBC is owned by RCA, and RCA is one of the top ten government contractors."

Jim Garrison is a duly elected district attorney prosecuting a homicide conspiracy case. That his evidence is not whimsical or unfounded has been confirmed by a New Orleans grand jury and a three-judge panel. In a grotesque twist, the networks and press have not only convicted the *prosecutor* in a "trial by newspaper," they have judged a court case before millions of viewers and thus possibly prejudiced venire men who will hear the case.

Such tactics smack of desperation—and indicate there is much to hide.

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Opinion:

MIDEAST PROGNOSIS

by Jean Lacouture

LIKE THE ISRAELI VICTORY, the Arab defeat was too overwhelming to yield beneficial short-term results. On the contrary, everything in the current Middle East situation leads to a pessimistic prognostication for the months, and even the years to come. For the Israelis, one can only predict further military and religious self-glorification, an attempt to exploit their shattering victory to the maximum degree which can only aggravate their contempt for the Arabs. And for the Arabs themselves, the catastrophe scarcely seems to promise any beneficial changes in future policy, since it can easily be interpreted as a stroke of fate, an intervention by mysterious and uncontrollable powers.

The majority of witnesses were struck by Israel's stoicism and unity, by the calmness of the community under the shadow of war and by the sobriety of speeches, as much as by the brilliance of the military action. But many were also struck by the negative aftermath, particularly by the sudden rise in religious fervor. What can be more destructive to a people than to hear it said by their priests that God is on their side, that their victory was a "miracle," that their legitimacy is validated by the sanctity of their cause, their victory justified by their virtue? Political Christianity is dead of "triumphalism"; political Judaism is now threatened.

Militarism, in fact, is Israel's greatest peril because it has been manifested in its most insidious form—the military man in civilian clothing. I. F. Stone, in the July RAMPARTS, theorized that Israel could become the Prussia of the Middle East. This is not really too remote: each civilization breeds its own poison. Those which can cripple Israel are not the poisons of Potsdam, but those of a new cult of power and efficiency. Fantasies of racial superiority need not be clothed in uniform to be diseased. George Marshall was a soldier; Walt Rostow is not. Which one is more militaristic?

To subdue its victory, to avoid the fact that the triumph was that of its "hawks," to think of the objective not as a conquest which should last for the next ten years but as a basis for cooperation for the next 100 years—this is the difficult task confronting Israel. The profile of Moshe Dayan—legionnaire and conqueror—casts a shadow on this pilot democracy of the Near East. As in the United States, militarists prefer to influence power rather than seize it. So the danger is not one of a possible *putsch*; it is rather of seeing Mr. Eshkol conduct himself as the double conqueror of Sinai, Jerusalem, Gaza, and West Jordan.

Nor will defeat be more curative for the Arabs than victory is for the Israelis. The problem of the Arab nations is adapting their actions to their words. Until the recent catastrophe, they lived in a universe of overcompensation, the violence of their speeches tending to veil a deep feeling of division and technical inadequacy. Words, for the Arabs, are not only evasive—they are the trap in which Arabism committed suicide.

What is tragic in this situation is that the Arabs have not yet reached the level of a people who can offset their defeats or humiliations with productivity and economic "miracles" the way that the Germans, the Japanese and even the French have done for the past 20 years. Their only present alternative to inflammatory speeches is devouring meditation. Hence, there is both the beginning of self-criticism in Cairo and a persistance in Arab refusal to see Israel as a reality, a fact of life.

There is a danger that this denial of Israel's validity will continue for some time. Gagged by their humiliation, the Arabs are approaching a time when they will tear each other apart, self-evisceration being their only method of action. This new era will probably witness the crumbling of several of the regimes implicated in the Arab defeat, perhaps even Nasser's, for he is a man whom the masses called back to power but who may not be capable of surviving the responsibility of the disaster much longer. Perhaps a tacit agreement between Moscow and Washington can keep him in power for a while. But the man seems broken, and his enemies both within and without his country are powerful.

The fall of Nasser and/or his allies in the Arab world would not be healthy. It would only aggravate the chaos and create internal conflicts in which terrorism would recapture the devastating role it played after the first Palestinian war between 1949 and 1952.

The war which just unfolded is deplorable. But it can have two relatively positive consequences. On the one hand, Israel can no longer appear to the Arabs simply as the ghost of Western imperialism. Its own vitality—once hidden behind Britain and France in the disastrous Suez operation—has finally manifested itself. Israel may not seem any less wicked to the Arabs, but it must henceforth be reckoned with as a fact.

On the other hand, Washington's role alongside the Arabs, as well as the limits of French friendship and power, leave no allies for the Arab nations other than the Soviets, however deceptive they may have been. The recognition of Israel, recommended by the West, has only provoked mistrust in the Arabs; but recommended by Moscow, recognition cannot be delayed forever.

It depends largely on Israel whether real coexistence, forced on all parties by the war, will ever produce useful effects. If the state that the leaders of Jerusalem hope to revive in West Jordan is only a protectorate deprived of real dignity, it will merely become a heavier burden to bear during the agitation and terrorism which will surely develop there.

But if the Israeli government allows a truly independent Arab Palestine to be established—including West Jordan, Trans-Jordan and Gaza—then one cannot but hope that a relationship can come about between these two Semitic states, similar to the relations which are possible between India and Pakistan. This is not necessarily an ideal situation. But perhaps it is the road to confederation which certain Arab leaders already privately consider the basis for future negotiations. Before that point is reached, however, one fears that the present hysteria afflicting both sides, Israeli as well as Arab, will lead to violence, death and deception.

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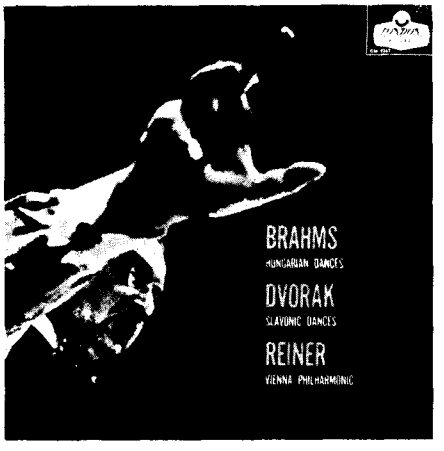

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by Noam Chomsky

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INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS can be complex, each side having a claim to legitimacy and principles which cannot be compromised, neither of which can be lightly abandoned. The current Middle East crisis is a typical, painful example. American interference in the affairs of Vietnam is one of the rare exceptions to this general rule. The simple fact is that there is no legitimate interest or principle to justify the use of American military force in Vietnam.

Since 1954 there has been one fundamental issue in Vietnam: whether the uncertainty and conflict left unresolved at Geneva will be settled at a local level, by indigenous forces, or raised to an international level and settled through great power involvement. Alone among the great powers, the United States has insisted on the latter course. It seems clear that if the United States persists in this course then either the issue will be settled unilaterally through the exercise of American power in the manner of Nazi Germany in Poland or the Soviet Union in Hungary, or it will develop into a great power conflict, with unimaginable consequences.

This is the situation to which Howard Zinn, for one, addressed himself, in a recent compelling study, *Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal*, which advocates, very simply, that the United States accept the principle adopted by the other great powers at Geneva in 1954 and agree to turn Vietnam over to the Vietnamese. "The daily toll in Vietnam of innocent people is so terrible," he says, "that the cessation of our military activity—the bombing, the burning and the shelling of villages, the search and destroy operations—has become no longer debatable or negotiable, but a matter of urgent and unilateral action." And the only action on our part that can mitigate the torture, that can avert the still greater catastrophe that lies in wait, is to remove the military force that bears the primary responsibility.

The proposal that the United States withdraw will be dismissed as "extremist." To those who like to describe themselves as "responsible" or "realistic," withdrawal is politically impossible and the analysis of the situation in Vietnam on which the proposal is based, hopelessly naive.

On the issue of domestic politics, Zinn argues that "the so-called 'realists' who urge us to speak softly and so persuade the President, are working against the reality, which is that the President responds to self-interest rather than to rational argument . . . If enough people speak for withdrawal, it can *become* politically feasible." Only a combination of factors can end the war; hence "every citizen must put his full moral weight, his *whole* argument, into the balance." In fact, the government is not a monolith. As the political and military realities in Vietnam emerge through the haze of pretense and deception, the advisability, the desperate urgency of American withdrawal may become correspondingly apparent, at least to some. Consider, for example, the reaction of Senator Young to the news that the South Vietnamese forces are unwilling to do what amounts to police work, so that so-called "pacification" must be taken over by the American Army: "If the South Vietnamese forces of Prime Minister Ky are so inadequate in numbers, intelligence, and training that they cannot handle entirely the pacification program in the villages . . . then instead of Americans trying to train, indoctrinate, and pacify an alien people, the time is long past due for us to withdraw to our coastal bases and eventually from Vietnam" (Congressional Record, June 12).

This reaction echoes that of Senator Symington after a recent trip (quoted in I. F. Stone's Weekly, April 3): "If the South Vietnamese do not achieve this pacification, there is no point in this country continuing to pour out lives and treasure in order to protect a government that can neither consolidate nor control what has been taken from them by their own citizens and the North Vietnamese. If the United States decides to become the major factor in this pacification program [as it has since become] as well as in the fighting of the war [as it became long ago], it can only become an extended war of the white man against the Asians, on the mainland of Asia."

Symington's remarks are no doubt accurate, and if past history is any guide, they will soon be forgotten, as Americans become habituated to the new reality.

Far from being naive, the analysis of the situation which leads to the call for withdrawal—not eventual, but immediate—seems to me entirely realistic; and the dimensions of the Vietnamese tragedy are so awesome that whatever the prospects for success may be, the responsible citizen must spare no effort to create the political climate, and the background of insight and understanding, in which this call will become powerful. The urgency of this matter can hardly be exaggerated. It seems unlikely that the Johnson administration will be willing to face the 1968 elections with an unwinnable war on its hands. The prospects are therefore for sharp escalation, perhaps a forced confrontation with China. With this prospect, attempts to predict what may happen next are as irrational as our Vietnamese policy itself.

THE AMERICAN MILITARY TAKEOVER of "pacification" is a testimony to the failure, thus far, of the effort to impose a political solution by force on an unwilling population. Its true significance is tersely indicated by an unnamed American official in Saigon who commented: "We've been playing the be-nice-to-the-Asian game for ten years, and it's been a flop. We can't afford it any longer" (N.Y. Times, May 13). The American chief of civil operations in the northernmost provinces attributes the failure of the "revolutionary development teams" to the "overwhelming corruption" of Vietnamese official life, to the failure to understand that "until there is a contented peasantry there is no room for the opulent society of the government of Vietnam" (N.Y. Times, May 24). The same report in the Times goes on to give a dramatic example of the results of this corruption. It comments on the successful attack by a guerrilla force on the province capital of Quang Tri on April 6, and continues: "A few days later, in a series of events that were not fully reported at the time, [the guerrillas] moved virtually unmolested into Hue while the army and the national police fled"—a remarkable event, its significance indicated by the fact that it was kept from the American people at the time, and still has not been frankly discussed.

Recent reports confirm, once again, that "every program to win the allegiance of the countryside for the South Vietnamese government has so far failed, in the opinion of most observers. To this day, 80 per cent of the peasantry . . . falls under Vietcong influence if not outright control" (Christian Science Monitor, May 26). The very terminology of this report gives some insight into the reasons for the recurrent failure; it has yet to be demonstrated that the Americans are correct in their unquestioned assumption that the peasants of Vietnam

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are objects, incapable of political expression or allegiance, to be "controlled" by one side or the other. The report continues: "If the South Vietnamese themselves cannot achieve support for the government among their own people, it is unlikely that 'giant white foreigners' will be able to do this for them." Yet it is just this attempt to which we are now reduced, with the military takeover. And we can be fairly sure that this latest step will lead to new and glorious reports of success, before the next rude awakening.

The Saigon government has few illusions as to its legitimacy and status. Saigon officials have pointed out repeatedly that they cannot survive in an open political arena, and that therefore the Americans must destroy not only the Viet Cong's military units, but also its political and administrative structure, by such devices as the "pacification" program. The most recent expression of this analysis appears in an interview with "one of the top generals in the junta, a man regarded by U.S. officials as politically the most sophisticated of the group," reported by George M. Kahin in a memorandum to a group of senators (Congressional Record, April 13). The general points out that "we are very weak politically and without the strong political support of the population which the NLF have," and that therefore "even if we defeat them militarily, they can come to power because of their greater political strength." Thus there can be no talk of cease-fire or military disengagement. Rather, American force must provide a shield, for a generation, until "we have built up our political strength to a point where we can compete with communists successfully." He goes on to say that the war must be carried to North Vietnam and to China, and that it might be necessary to move on to World War III so as to insure that communist power be fully removed from Vietnam.

American authorities have repeatedly indicated that they share this assessment of the Saigon government and its popular base. Both the present assistant secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs and his predecessor have expressed their belief that neutralization of South Vietnam would lead to a communist takeover, and it is widely admitted that the American Expeditionary Force was introduced to stave off what was in essence a political defeat. In his revealing study of the Viet Cong, American Foreign Service Officer Douglas Pike concludes, with ample evidence, that the NLF victory in the now long-forgotten civil war was essentially a political and organizational victory, achieved by building a mass movement. The NLF, he states, is the only "truly mass-based political party in South Vietnam." General Richard Stillwell, at the time second in command in the Southeast Asian theatre, informed Senator Young that we are putting down "an insurrection," and even General Westmoreland, who now asserts that he has seen no signs of insurrection, admitted to Senator Young that the bulk of the Viet Cong fighting in the Mekong Delta were born and reared there (Congressional Record, May 3, 1967)—thus indicating that he may not know the meaning of the word "insurrection."

THE BASIS FOR THE SUCCESS of the insurrection is not very obscure. Denis Warner, as anti-communist as any newsman who has worked in Southeast Asia, pointed out years ago that "in hundreds of villages all over South-East Asia the only people working at the grass roots for an uplift in people's living standards are the Communists." And to the communist agit-prop successes, the Americans have contributed mightily, for example with the terroristic bombing policy. American sources indicate that in the first year of American bombing of the South, 1965, local recruitment for the Viet Cong tripled. The head of the Saigon office of *Asahi Shimbun* concludes that "it is certain that the escalation and spread of the war, even though its results may be advantageous to the Saigon Government itself, only serves to heighten still further opposition to the war among the general population," adding that "the number of draft-dodgers and deserters among young South Vietnamese is a sign of the failure of the war, by and large, to win the support of young people, who tend to view it as an American war" (Japan Quarterly, January 1967).

And the situation can only worsen. Saigon authorities indicate that there are now some two million refugees, most of them, according to the reports of war correspondents, victims of American bombardment or forced resettlement. An AP report from Saigon (Monitor, April 24) gives the following shattering forecast: "The United States high command, preoccupied for two years with hunting down North Vietnamese regulars, now is looking more toward the populated valleys and lowlands where the enemy wields potent political influence and gets his sustenance. Quick gains are hoped for by forced resettlement of chronically Communist areas, followed up with scorched-earth operations that deny enemy troops all food, shelter, and material support. Central highlands valleys are being denuded of all living things; people ringing the Communist war zones in the South have been moved. Some American observers recently in the Mekong Delta say that the Vietnamese Army, long hated and feared, now is regarded as less of a threat to the countryside than the Americans."

Dozens of such reports can be cited. Those who advocate withdrawal are simply proposing that we eliminate this threat, as only we can do.

It is hardly surprising that the peasantry refuses allegiance to a constituent assembly that could muster three votes out of 117 for the one land reform measure that was introduced, or that the residents of Saigon are less than enthusiastic about a government so unbelievably corrupt that the secretary of Industry in Ky's cabinet seems to be the major supplier of drugs to the Viet Cong—naturally, after receiving a third of a million dollars in kickbacks from the American and West German suppliers (Carl Rowan, March 26). Nor is it obscure why the American government continues to use its military force to impose on the people of Vietnam the regime of the most corrupt, most reactionary elements in Vietnamese society. There is simply no one else who will do its bidding, and resist the overwhelming popular sentiment for peace and, no doubt, neutralism. The U.S. government has on occasion indicated that it would not leave if asked to do so "by a left-wing or even neutralist government that, in the U.S. view, did not reflect the true feelings of the South Vietnamese people or military leaders" (a "high official" in Washington, explaining a statement to this effect by Ambassador Lodge, N.Y. Times, August 13, 1965). Furthermore, it will see to it that no such government will arise, and that no such opinions will be publicly expressed. Thus in the last few months, reports from South Vietnam indicate that once again a Buddhist attempt to establish a legal political organization was frustrated and the leaders arrested (Kahin memorandum, cited above).

Jean Raffaelli, the one Western correspondent who has re-

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mained in North Vietnam, has observed that quite apart from any question of politics, there is a human element of grandeur in the resistance of the Vietnamese to the assault launched against them by the world's most advanced technology. In Le Monde, a North Vietnamese doctor "of international reputation" is quoted: "The Americans have demolished everything. All that we have built since 1954 is in ruins: hospitals, schools, factories, new dwellings. We have nothing more to lose, except independence and liberty. But to safeguard these, believe me, we are ready to endure anything."

In South Vietnam, the American attack has been far more severe, and direct report from its victims is lacking. But some statistics tell the story well enough. According to American sources, the Viet Cong are "able to enlist an estimated 7000 recruits a month" (John Oakes, N.Y. Times, April 3). Recently, an extensive propaganda barrage has enthusiastically proclaimed that in March there were 5557 defectors from the Viet Cong, almost twice as many as in any previous month. Only the careful reader would have noted that of these "defectors," 630 were identified as military men and 301 as political cadres, the rest being peasants, probably coming for a free meal (N.Y. Times, April 6). Seven thousand new recruits and 630 defectors—these figures indicate graphically by what means the American war in Vietnam must be won.

THE DISCUSSION OF THE VIETNAM CATASTROPHE tends to focus far too much on Southeast Asia. It would be more to the point to emphasize the ideological commitments on which American initiatives are based, and the national self-image that permits them to be tolerated with such equanimity; in particular, the unshakable belief in American goodwill that persists through each calamity, notably, among the self-styled "hard-headed and pragmatic liberals," and that stultifies political thinking and debases political discourse.

We can, for example, learn a great deal about the sources of American Vietnamese policy by observing how American scholarship comes to terms with the suppression of the Philippine struggle for independence—in which, incidentally, there were well over 100,000 Filipino casualties. Thus Louis Halle (New Republic, June 10) argues that "we could not hand the Philippines back to the Spanish tyranny, and they were in no condition to govern themselves or encompass their own defense. If we simply got out and came home we would leave chaos behind," with the Germans and Japanese lurking in wait. Therefore the United States, "having inadvertently become responsible for the Philippines, had no alternative to assuming, itself, the obligation of governing and defending what consequently became the first item of an American overseas empire."

It need hardly be pointed out that it was the American expeditionary force from whom the Filipinos needed "defense." Nor will I discuss the kind of society that we bequeathed them, except to remark that for reasons that are perhaps obvious, the Huk guerrillas are once again in control of large areas of central Luzon, setting the stage for what may be a bloody reenactment of the tragedy of Vietnam.

It is remarkable to see how easily perceptive and informed commentators succeed in deluding themselves as to the character of American actions and policies. For example, Roger Hilsman, in his recently published study of policy-making under the Kennedy administration, discusses the attempt to concentrate the peasantry in "strategic hamlets" in the early 1960's, maintaining that "the primary role of the strategic hamlet was to provide [the peasants] . . . a free choice between the Vietcong and the government." As he makes very clear, this "free choice" was to be provided by careful police work inside the hamlets ("for it seemed obvious that putting up defenses around a village would do no good if the defenses enclosed Vietcong agents"); the failure of the program he attributes to the fact that "there had been no real effort to isolate the population from the Vietcong by eliminating Vietcong agents and supporters inside the strategic hamlets and by imposing controls on the movement of people and supplies . . . the Vietcong supporters and agents . . . had no difficulty repenetrating the hamlet and continuing subversion." Thus the program failed "to provide the villager with physical security, so that he has a choice of refusing to cooperate with the Vietcong," a "free choice" which is denied him as long as Viet Cong supporters are permitted to exist in his village.

There is no doubt an important difference between this level of self-deception and that of Marshal Ky, who describes the philosophy of his government as "100 per cent social revolutionary," or CIA analyst George Carver, who tells us of "the genuine social revolution now taking place in the urban areas of South Vietnam." The natural reaction to such pronouncements is one of ridicule, but amusement fades when one begins to calculate the human cost.

Again, Howard Zinn has some apt remarks about the moral blindness that permits America to remain insensitive to the agony of Vietnam. "We listen with the languor of a people who have never been bombed, who have only been the bombardiers." "We have no Hiroshima, no city of the blind and maimed, no professors haggard from long terms in jail . . . we have never been forced . . . to recognize our deeds, to bow, to apologize, to promise a life of peace." Thus protest is muted and diffuse, as "Uncle Sam, the white-gloved financier of counterrevolution has removed his gloves, taken gun in hand, and moved into the jungle," and has slowly composed "an enormous pattern of devastation which, if seen in its entirety, would have to be described as one of the most evil acts committed by any nation in modern times."

Zinn disposes effectively of the claim that our prestige as a nation would be diminished by withdrawal, noting that this would satisfy a range of opinion that extends from Adenauer to the Japanese left. But there is also the matter of internal prestige—the factor to which Eric Hobsbawm referred, when he pointed out that American policy-making often seems less concerned with red areas on the map than with red faces in the Pentagon. Furthermore, it may be that in some respects Zinn underestimates the subtlety of those whose arguments he counters. For example, he remarks that "we see every rebellion as the result of some plot concocted in Moscow or Peking," and that the Russians make the same mistake, attributing revolts "in Hungary or Poznan . . . to bourgeois influence or to American scheming." Although one can, to be sure, become a prisoner of one's own propaganda, it is difficult to believe that the Russian leaders so misunderstood the events of 1956; more likely, they were unwilling to tolerate an erosion of their power in a sensitive buffer area and found in "bourgeois influence" and "American scheming" a useful propaganda cover.

Similarly, it strains credulity to suppose that our present secretary of State was simply deluded when he described "the Peiping regime," in 1951, as "a colonial Russian government—

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a Slavic Manchukuo on a larger scale." Ample evidence was available to him to show the absurdity of this evaluation, for example, in the State Department White Paper on China published not long before. More likely, as with the Hungarian revolution, it was necessary to find a way to justify a variety of long-range policies: strengthening the Western alliance and rearming Germany, expanding the nuclear arsenal, stemming popular revolution in the Third World and subverting or strangling those that had taken place. Similarly, it is not easy to convince oneself that Allen Dulles really believed that Mossadegh was willfully "creating a communist state," or that Thomas Mann was so ignorant of world affairs as to suppose that the Dominican revolution in 1965 resulted from the machinations of the "Sino-Soviet military bloc." Rather one must adapt to current styles of acceptable international behavior.

It would not do to use today the phraseology of Secretary of State Knox who sent Marines into Cuba in 1908 saying that "the United States does not undertake first to consult the Cuban Government if a crisis arises requiring a temporary landing somewhere." And in general, the "international communist conspiracy" is a perfect propaganda device to justify actions that reinforce and extend American hegemony, serving our aims just as "bourgeois influence and American scheming" serve those of Russian imperialism.

This leads directly to the justification for the war given by the dissatisfied liberals, a very important matter if one hopes to construct a domestic political base for a policy of disengagement. Richard Goodwin, for example, argues that the war is ultimately justified by the "almost idealistic, compelling conviction that the one nation with the power to prevent it should not stand aside while nations unwillingly submit to foreign domination." Thus we must not "undermine the central world purpose of the United States—the creation of an international order of independent states." It does not occur to him that by suppressing a victorious insurrection, we are precisely undermining this "central world purpose" and forcing a nation to "submit to foreign domination." Nor does he take note of the fact that we are unable to form a puppet government with even the legitimacy of those set up by Germany or Japan—we have not, for example, been able to find a national figure of the stature of Petain or Wang Ching-Wei to mask our aggression. This sentimental faith in American benevolence, with its various corollaries ("the politics of inadvertence," "the inscrutability of history"), is a major factor that stands in the way of realistic proposals for withdrawal.

The by-now worn analogy between Munich and Vietnam could also be usefully extended by a consideration of the views of the Kennedy liberals. Goodwin, for example, is too sophisticated to accept the Munich analogy, but he goes on to offer a revealing counter-thesis. He argues, first of all, that in Vietnam we are combatting not aggression but "internal aggression" by a revolutionary movement against a government maintained in power by foreign arms. And he concludes that what we face is not Munich, but rather "another episode . . . in a long, continuing conflict." Other episodes include our "success" in Greece and Turkey, Soviet intervention in Cuba, the invasion of Korea, the bombing of Quemoy and Matsu, subversion in the Congo and the Central African Republic, fighting in Malaya and the Philippines and on the Indian border. And now, he adds, "they are beginning in Thailand."

But with whom are we engaged in this "long, continuing conflict?" Certainly not the Soviet Union, which had little to do with the Sino-Indian border dispute; nor China, which did not start the civil war in Greece; nor Ho Chi Minh, who, for all his sins, is not responsible for subversion in the Congo. Nor is "international communism" a very convincing devil in the wake of the Sino-Soviet split, gestures of independence in Eastern Europe and North Korea and the admitted refusal of North Vietnam, even in its present straits, to kowtow to its powerful allies. In fact, there is no identifiable adversary. We are confronted with a mysterious but dangerous force, which cannot be located or specified in any concrete terms, but which is there, threatening us. While rejecting the Munich analogy, Goodwin, the liberal critic, tacitly accepts the assumption on which it is based and which gives it great plausibility.

The unpleasant fact is that if one wishes to pursue the Munich analogy there is only one plausible contender for the role of Hitler. And if China and Russia do involve themselves in World War III over Vietnam, we can be sure that the memory of Munich will play an important role in their calculations. Arnold Toynbee has put the matter quite succinctly: "The President manifestly feels that he is speaking with Churchill's voice—the Churchill of 1940—but to the ears of peoples who have suffered from Western domination in the past, his voice sounds like the Kaiser's and like Hitler's."

THERE IS SURELY NO GREATER IRONY than the demand that to insure world peace, the United States must develop a strategy for the containment of China. China is surrounded by American missiles and huge military bases supporting an army 8000 miles from home. It is subject to daily bombardment from an island that is barely off the mainland, not to speak of overflights and commando raids, all under the protection of the Seventh Fleet, admittedly intervening in a civil war. For over a year, U.S. planes have been bombing the only railroad connecting southwestern China, with its industrial center of Kunming, to the rest of the country —it happens to pass near Hanoi. Yet even Roger Hilsman, one of the sanest voices commenting on Asian affairs, can speak of the "formidable threat" posed by Communist China, and can conclude that "it certainly served no useful purpose for the U.S. to reward aggression by recognizing Communist China or by encouraging their being seated in the U.N."

It is illuminating to examine in detail Hilsman's demonstration of "Chinese belligerence." The primary example of "Chinese aggression" (apart from "aggression" in Korea) is the support for the "crude and unsophisticated" insurrections in "Burma, Thailand, Malaya, the Philippines, and French Indochina," while the Chinese succeeded in putting "on a more effective, politically sophisticated course." The history of "Chinese belligerence," of the aggression which we must not reward, is completed with these instances: 1. the cancellation of trade contacts with Japan when the Kishi government would not allow the Chinese flag to be flown over its mission in Tokyo; 2. various unrealized threats to Hong Kong, including an appeal "to Nationalist leaders to make a deal"; 3. the suppression of the Tibetan revolt; 4. the Sino-Indian border crisis; 5. "encouraging the local communists in a direct use of military force, first in Laos and then in South Vietnam."

It is not easy to decide which of these is the most telling example of Chinese aggression; perhaps Burma, in which, according to U Thant, "there has not been a single instance of

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outside help to the Burmese communists," during a period when Chinese nationalist forces roamed northern Burma, at great cost to the Burmese. It would also be interesting to discover what evidence was available to the director of intelligence for the State Department regarding Chinese control, or even material assistance, in the case of Thailand, Malaya and the Philippines—and also to discover why this evidence has never been made public. "Chinese aggression" in Indochina, in contrast to the responsible and purely defensive posture of the Western powers, is of course well-documented. As to Laos, Hilsman himself repeats much of the well-known story of the American attempt to subvert the legitimate government, replacing it by "pro-Western neutralists" and then a right-wing military dictatorship—an attempt which continued until 1962 when Kennedy, in a dramatic and sensible reversal of policy, agreed finally to support the neutralist elements that had previously been backed only by the communist powers. Quite revealing in this connection is Hilsman's judgment that the real communist "threat" in Laos "seems more likely to have been an expansion of political control based on winning peasant support in the villages"—a threat rather like that posed by the 1954 Geneva agreements, which, the Viet Minh thought, "would give them half of Vietnam for sure and an excellent opportunity to win the other half through political subversion," i.e., an electoral victory.

Hilsman also has relevant comments on the Sino-Indian border dispute. He observes that "the Indians unwisely provided the Chinese ample provocation by adopting a "forward strategy"—establishing isolated outposts *behind* the Chinese outposts that India felt had encroached on what they considered their rightful territory—and Prime Minister Nehru, in the early fall of 1962, announced publicly that "the Indian Army had been ordered to clear India's territory of the Chinese aggressors." He points out that the unilateral Chinese pullback of their victorious armies showed that we face "not only a powerful enemy but a politically skillful one." He does not, unfortunately, go into the background of the conflict, but excellent Western sources exist, thoroughly refuting the simplistic view—advanced, to my knowledge, by not a single Western scholar—that the border dispute was merely, or even primarily, a matter of "Chinese aggression." The issue of Tibet we need not discuss, since whatever the facts may be—and if Western scholarship is to be trusted, they are not simply what is claimed by American propaganda—Tibet is internationally recognized as a region of China; one might with equal logic accuse the United States of aggression in Watts, or in the Mississippi delta, where, reports indicate, thousands are starving while Washington plays politics.

While sympathizing with China's problems, one may still react with dismay, perhaps even outrage to the authoritarian and repressive character of the Chinese state, as one may have varying reactions to the society that is developing. But there is nothing to justify our shameful treatment of China in the post-war years.

WITH ALL THE CYNICISM of the mid-20th century, it is nevertheless startling to see how easily the rhetoric of imperialism comes to American lips, sometimes muted, sometimes entirely overt. Arthur Schlesinger writes that if our killing machine achieves a victory in Vietnam, we will all "be saluting the wisdom and statesmanship of the American government." That an American military victory might be a tragedy—this is unthinkable. Roger Hilsman speaks of "the Korean War, Dienbienphu, the two Laos crises, and Vietnam [as] only the opening guns of what might well be a century-long struggle for Asia." What kind of struggle it will be is clear, if Laos and Vietnam are precedents. The foreign editor of Look magazine writes (May 30): "The Far East is now our Far West. The Western frontier of American power today stands on the far side of the Pacific Ocean . . . It stretches through the island chain off the Asian mainland with three toeholds on the continent, Korea, Vietnam and Thailand . . . We are a Pacific power—the only Pacific power. We are there to stay . . . This is where we have markets and, except for Japan, no rival producers."

And the natural counterpart to this doctrine is neatly expressed in the 1967 Prize Essay of the U.S. Naval Institute, by Professor Harold Rood of Claremont College, who argues as follows: "The U.S. position in the Pacific is no longer what it was in 1941. The territory which came under direct Japanese attack early in the war, the Hawaiian islands and the Aleutians, are each sovereign states today . . . Yet Hawaii is closer to Peking than it is to Washington, D.C. The Aleutian islands at their westernmost tip are closer to China than they are to Seattle, Washington. Where once the security of the United States could conveniently, it seemed, rest on Alaska and Hawaii in the Pacific, these two states now have the right to demand the same kind of security which each of them once helped furnish to the continental United States."

Consider the implications. Our allies and our bases in Taiwan, Camranh Bay, Thailand, also have the right to demand the same kind of security which each of them now helps furnish to Alaska and Hawaii. And so on, indefinitely. Of course, we have heard all of this before. Japan once needed Manchuria for survival—without Manchuria, it was a "potted plant," without roots. And to secure Manchuria it was obviously necessary to ensure that North China was "friendly," and then all of China, and Southeast Asia, and on to the Pacific war. Our claim to special rights in Asia is, on grounds of security or economic interest, far weaker than that of Japan. Japan, however, was dwarfed in wealth and power by a colossus across the seas, and we are not.

What would be the consequences of a withdrawal of American forces from Vietnam? If past events are any guide, the cessation of aggressive military action by the United States will lead to a disengagement of North Vietnamese units, as happened, apparently, during the bombing pause in January 1966. It is noteworthy that no group in South Vietnam has advocated North Vietnamese involvement in an immediate political solution, and the same North Vietnamese leadership that was willing, a decade ago, to arrange a *modus vivendi* with Diem, would very likely agree to negotiate the problems of Vietnam with a government that would at least respond to its diplomatic notes. Just what might emerge from the shattered debris of South Vietnamese society, no one can predict with any confidence. It is clear, however, that under the American occupation, there can be only unending tragedy. A few years ago, the premier of Ceylon commented that "the best form of foreign aid the United States can give to small countries is to abstain from interfering in their affairs." As applied to Vietnam, at least, this grim appraisal is no longer an arguable matter.

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ROMIOSSINI or OF THINGS GREEK

translated from the poem of Iannis Ritsos by Richelle Dassin

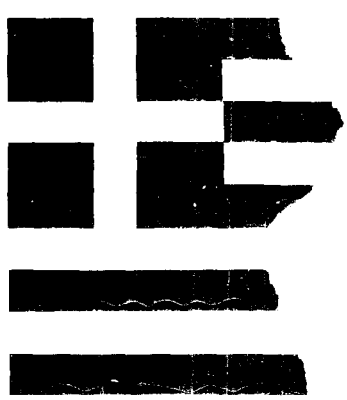
Writers and artists are usually among the first victims when democracy dies. Since the recent military coup in Greece thousands of intellectuals have been jailed, for no reason except that their country's new Army rulers don't like their political opinions. Most of the political prisoners are being held without trial on the barren island of Youra. Many have had no contact with the outside world, and their families do not know what has happened to them. One of the few men known for certain to be on Youra is the poet Iannis Ritsos.

Ritsos has long been one of Greece's leading poets, and is one of the very few read at all outside his country. He has been influential in creating a more popular form of poetry in Greece—the poem that follows, for instance, is widely known because it has been set to music by the man who wrote the score for "Zorba the Greek." Ritsos is no stranger to political prisons. He spent several years in one during the Greek Civil War, when he was also judged to have the "wrong" political opinions. This poem was written in jail at that time.

These trees do not fit beneath a
narrow sky
These stones do not fit beneath a
foreign footstep
These faces fit only in the sun
These hearts fit only with justice
This land is hard like the silence
It hugs to its body the smoldering stones
It hugs in the light its orphaned
vineyards and olive groves
There is no water—only light
Into which the road vanishes
And the shadow of the fence is iron.

They are thirsty
For so many years now they are hungry
Their eyes are red from lack of sleep
Carved between their eyebrows is a
deep furrow
Like, between two mountains, a cypress,
at twilight
Their hand is glued to the gun
The gun prolongs their hand
Their hand prolongs their soul
Anger is seated on their lips
In the depths of their eyes
there is sorrow
As, in a salt pool on the beach,
a star reflected.

When they clasp together their hands
The sun is certain of the earth
When they smile
A bird flies from their wild beards
When they are killed
Life's ascension proceeds with flags
and drums.



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For so many years all are hungry
All are thirsty all are killed
Besieged by land and by sea
The charring heat has eaten
their wheatfields
Salt has watered their houses
Through the holes in their overcoats
death comes and goes
Atop their perched lookouts,
leaning on their staffs
They have turned to stone scanning
the angry sea
Into which sank the broken mast
of the moon
No more bread
No more bullets
They fill their cannons with their hearts.

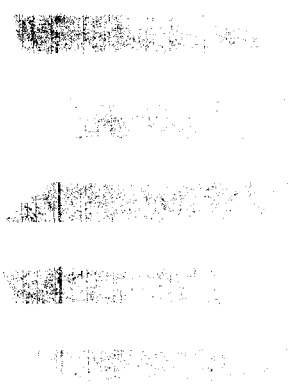
They went into iron and fire
They talked with the stones
And they treated death to a drink
of *raki*
Offered in the skulls of their sweet
grandfathers
They met with Diogenes in the fields
They sat with him for supper
Cutting their *caimo* in two
Like a loaf of bread upon the knee.

Tree by tree, stone by stone
They passed through the world
With thorns for a pillow
They passed through sleep
They brought life in their two dry hands
Like a river
With every step they gained one length
of sky
To give
And when they danced in the square
Inside their houses the ceilings trembled
And the glasses rang on the shelves.

How did our vineyards and our doors
become locked
How did the light thin over the roof
and the trees
Who will tell that one half of them
is under the earth
And that the other half is in iron.

With so many leaves the sun
sends its greeting
With so many banners the sky is shining
And these Greeks are closed in iron
And these other Greeks are in the earth
Hush, any minute now
The bells will ring forth
This soil is theirs and ours
Beneath the soil, in their crossed hands
The dead hold the bell's rope
They await the hour
They wait to sound the resurrection
This soil is theirs and ours
No one can take it from us
Hush any minute now
The bells will ring forth
This soil is theirs and ours.

They climbed high, very high
Difficult now for them to lose their
height
Difficult for others to know their size.
In the center of the fields
Where the *palikaris* dined by night
Remain the pits of the sun
The dry blood of the moon
The 15 syllable meter of their guns
Remain the cypress and the laurel tree.



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America's Black Guerrillas

"The racist dog policemen must withdraw immediately from our communities, cease their wanton murder and brutality and torture of black people, or face the wrath of the armed people."—*Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defence of the Black Panther Party for Self Defence.*

by Sol Stern

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"We are already at war . . . The racist dog police must withdraw from the black community. . . ."

The speaker was Huey P. Newton, the 25-year-old leader of the Black Panthers of California. It was two months ago, before Newark and Detroit, before the Black Revolution in this country had taken its latest and most fateful turn into urban guerrilla warfare.

I thought about those words two months later as I watched the Battle of Detroit on television. All the talk about guerrilla warfare which had seemed so unreal became vivid as I watched tanks and armored cars move through the streets of Detroit, rattling their machine-guns against tenement buildings. It was like some phantasmagorical historical dream in which an American city was reenacting the Warsaw Ghetto 1943, Budapest 1956, Santo Domingo 1965. If such an analogy is objectively inappropriate, if the National Guard and paratroopers were not the Wehrmacht or the Red Army, the important fact, the fact that most whites fail to perceive, is that the cops were considered a foreign occupying army by the black men who were willing to pit their rifles against tanks. The snipers thus turned themselves in the eyes of many of their black comrades into "freedom fighters."

If Newark and Detroit did nothing else, they at least forced a more accurate vocabulary upon the press and public officials. What had merely been "riots" in Harlem and Watts, what had been traditionally analyzed as primitive reactions to heat and frustration, was now in Detroit clearly recognizable as an uprising with revolutionary overtones. (Governor Hughes of New Jersey set the precedent by referring to Newark as an "insurrection." A newspaperman in Newark told me that the real explanation for the governor's enlightenment lies in the fact that the Prudential Insurance Company is Newark's biggest industry, and the insurance companies are off the hook for liabilities if the damage is caused by an insurrection.)

Still, much nonsense was written by way of explanation of the insurrections; a new, crude version of economic determinism takes the place of the vaguer explanations of "heat" and "frustration." Negroes riot, the press and the urban sociologists now almost unanimously agree, because they lack housing or education or jobs. Thus a new riot prevention mystique grows, abetted even by "moderate" civil rights leaders, which suggests that a little more poverty money spent, a police review board, better schools, an extra swimming pool, will have a direct effect on the propensity to loot and snipe in the ghetto. It is a dangerous liberal myth, not because it is not well-intentioned, but because it is already outdated and ignores the real, new factor in the Black Revolution—the black urban guerrilla.

The black guerrilla will not come down off his sniper's perch or stop making molotov cocktails because of a little more welfare money in the ghetto, since he has probably already rejected a job with the poverty program—or perhaps he *has* a job with the poverty program by day and still wants to burn down City Hall by night. His hatred of the system will not be affected by a better school in the ghetto, since he has probably been through the best schools and rejected their values. He takes part in insurrections in Detroit and Newark not because of a sudden incident that sets off a smoldering frustration, but because he has long-range plans to disrupt and wreak havoc on the system that he feels produced the ghetto in this country and oppression all over the world—even if those plans mean the loss of his life. He is like Samson among the Philistines, bound and alone among many, but hopefully strong enough to pull the whole house down.

The secret and anonymous interview with some of the Newark snipers published in Life magazine shows that they are middle class young men who organized themselves after doing civil rights work in Mississippi in 1965. One of them was reported to be a law student in an eastern university. Perhaps there was a bit of Life hyperbole hidden in the interview, but it had the ring of authenticity. For it is not the poorest, least-educated blacks, but a better-educated, indeed almost middle class, radical black intelligentsia that forms the vanguard of America's black guerrillas.

The Life interview was couched in familiar language. I had first heard this vernacular from the Black Panthers in the relaxed atmosphere of a San Francisco living room. The Panthers, a group of armed Negroes who make their home in the San Francisco Bay Area, consider themselves a political party, and their official name is the Black Panther Party for Self Defence. They first made local headlines when they appeared in public, in groups of about 20, armed with loaded shotguns and pistols, escorting the widow of Malcolm X around the city. Local cops were dumbfounded to discover that there was no law which prohibited the Panthers from carrying loaded weapons so long as they were unconcealed, a legal fact which the Panthers had carefully researched and briefed themselves on. That situation produced some dramatic confrontations between the cops and the Panthers, like one scene I witnessed: A cop approached a Panther and asked him to hand over his gun. The Panther asked, "Am I under arrest?" The cop answered, "No." The Panther replied, "Then get your . . . hands off my gun."

IT WAS A DANGEROUS ACT OF BRAVADO, but it typified the embattled mentality of the new black guerrillas. Behind it was a deadly serious purpose. The Panthers' public display of guns had both a real and a symbolic meaning—real because they believe that they will have to use the guns eventually against the power structure, yet symbolic because of the political effect on the black community of a few blacks openly carrying guns.

"Ninety per cent of the reason we carried guns in the first place," says Panther leader Huey P. Newton, "was educational. We set the example. We made black people aware that they have the right to carry guns."

Newton and his co-leader, 30-year-old Bobby Seale, quietly tried to explain to me why the black people have to have guns

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and what they must do with them. They see the United States as the center of an imperialist system which suppresses the world-wide revolution of colored people, of which American Negroes are only one part. But, says Huey Newton, "We can stop the machinery. We can stop the imperialists from using it against black people all over the world. We are in a strategic position in this country, and we won't be the only group rebelling against the oppressor here."

The Panthers are only a small cadre in the Negro community. Their membership figures are hard to come by. When you ask them, they answer by quoting Malcolm X: "Those who know don't say and those who say don't know." Nevertheless, it has not affected their revolutionary fervor or their confidence. Theirs is a vision of an American apocalypse in which all of the blacks are forced to unite for survival against the white oppressors. Huey Newton puts it this way: "At the height of the resistance they are going to be slaughtering black people indiscriminately. We are sure that at that time Martin Luther King will be a member of the Black Panthers through necessity. He and others like him will have to band together with us just to save themselves."

There has always been something of the rhetoric of Armageddon among Negro militants, but it has never had such a serious ring. Once it was more a matter of literary allusion and wish-fulfillment of revenge, as in the plays of LeRoi Jones or the essays of James Baldwin. But Detroit has made it suddenly a very real business.

In Detroit on the Tuesday night of the outbreak, the most modern symbol of counter-insurgency, the helicopter, went into action. The Pentagon sent in 25 Army choppers to assist the soldiers in ferreting out the guerrillas from the tangled jungle of tenement buildings. One resident of the ghetto said, "They came flying in low just over the rooftops, shining their big searchlights up and down the building. Once I saw one of them open fire. A soldier riding in front used an automatic weapon—he was firing at one of the rooftops."

But the guerrillas, according to reporters on the scene, struck back like Viet Cong by "laying siege to four separate police and fire stations." The only thing missing in the script were the satchel charges.

Detroit was a revolutionary battlefront. It was treated by the authorities not like a mere outbreak of criminal lawlessness, answerable by measured justice, but like a revolution that had to be suppressed by anti-population measures. Days after the fighting had ceased, 5000 men, women and children languished in Michigan's overcrowded jails. The injured never had their wounds treated. No one had been released on his own recognizance. Bail was set at an average of $5000. Even when it was possible for families and friends to raise the money to release a prisoner, they usually could not find him, for there was no central record of where each prisoner was being kept.

There is something of Detroit in the street corner rallies held by the Black Panthers in the black communities of the Bay Area. At these rallies small groups of young bloods gather to hear Bobby Seale and Newton tell them how, when the time comes, they can "take care of business" in groups of threes and fours. The "business" they are talking about is "executing white racist cops" or dropping molotov cocktails into strategic industrial installations. It is all suddenly very real and serious when you ask Huey Newton, who looks younger than his 25 years, why they talk of killing a couple of cops, and he tells you confidently that when the time comes, it won't be just the killing of a couple of cops but part of a whole nationally coordinated effort aimed at the entire "white occupying army." And it is, finally, very serious when you ask him what he thinks will happen to him and he answers, "I am going to be killed."

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM, these articulate and well-educated young men who have become black Kamikazes? And why have they become revolutionaries in the most unlikely place for revolution in the world? Huey Newton graduated from the excellent and integrated Berkeley High School, went to a two-year college, eventually spent a year in law school. Stokely Carmichael went to Bronx Science High School, probably the best prep-school for success in the U.S. Somewhere in the recent history of the country they, along with countless other young black men, decided that it was no use trying to liberate their people by appealing to the good sense and conscience of their white neighbors; instead, they became convinced that their freedom could only be wrested through force and turmoil.

It is all somehow summed up by the answer Stokely Carmichael gave at a conference in London to the young hippies who asked him how they could help the Black Revolution. His sardonic answer was, "Well, I'll tell you what, when the police come into the ghettos to shoot us down in the streets, you can help us fight the police by throwing flowers at them."

Perhaps back in the early days of the movement Carmichael did believe in the power of flowers. If he now stands in Havana, surrounded by the veterans of the international revolution, publicly welcoming the emergence of guerrilla warfare in the United States, it is neither because he has been subverted by Peking propaganda or because he has flipped his lid. He has simply come to believe that America can only be regenerated as part of a world revolutionary process.

IT IS EASY TO BEMOAN the change in Carmichael and SNCC, as many liberals have been doing lately, and nostalgically recall the days when SNCC and the civil rights movement seemed to be a community of love. But one must remember that SNCC moved in its current direction as a result of careful, often anguished, deliberation by intelligent and dedicated young men and women who had tested their ideas in the crucibles of Southern and Northern jails.

In an exclusive interview with a Ramparts reporter recently, Rap Brown mused about the changing mood in SNCC. "That whole nonviolence thing was nothing but a preparation for genocide," he said. "At one point, not so long ago, the man could have sent a message to black people, saying meet me at such and such a concentration camp, and black people would have been there—on time!"

Asked about SNCC's attitude toward the rebellions, Brown answered that he was satisfied that they "were becoming more sophisticated on their own." He mentioned with pleasure the fact that in Tampa, for example, the police could not contain the actions in the ghetto area and that sniper fire against police was on the increase. He said this trend would continue, putting it, simply, that "people in the black community are coming to accept that tactic [guerrilla warfare], and as counter-revolutionary violence escalates against black people, revolutionary violence will rise to meet it."

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On second thought, Brown said, "The trouble with black folks is that they wanna loot—they don't want to shoot! [But that was before Detroit.] But black folks are not looting—they have a right to everything they take . . . this country has looted everything it has, beginning with black people."

Asked what exactly SNCC did when a rebellion broke out, Brown replied, "We do then what we always do—help the people get organized, tell them how to get the most out of it. We tell them they got the man by the balls, now the thing is to get the most out of it. You see how they got the hunkies promising them jobs now."

The turning point for Brown, as with so many others of his generation in SNCC, the point at which they began to understand that the system wasn't worth integrating into, came at the 1964 Democratic National Convention—when the Convention refused to seat the delegation from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Brown recalled this bitterly and was particularly vituperous about the hatchet job performed on the MFDP by Hubert Humphrey.

And so SNCC and Rap Brown have left the comfortable traditions of loyal opposition and gone their own way. They have moved toward an exclusive concern with black people. They are not racists, only pro-black, and very pessimistic about what they see coming out of the white community. "The only encouraging thing that has happened with white people," said Brown, "is when those white people in Los Angeles got beat up by the cops and started hollering about police brutality—hell, we told them that years ago, but they had to get their heads whipped before they could see it." The only other encouraging thing in the white community, he said chuckling, is that Lurleen Wallace has cancer.

It is not their own aberration but society's that this generation of young Negroes, who came to maturity in an organization founded on the principles of Ghandi, have come out sounding like Robert Williams. Williams is the American Negro who has lived as a political exile for the last half dozen years—first in Cuba, then in China—where he directed messages via a newsletter to American Negroes urging them to take up armed guerrilla warfare in the cities. In the late 1950's, Williams had been president of the Monroe, North Carolina, branch of the NAACP. He set off a furor in the national civil rights movement and turned himself into a pariah by suggesting that Negroes shoot back when armed bands of white rednecks start shooting up the Negro section of town. That was just a short time ago; black America has lived through much since the simple proposal of armed self-defense could provoke so much tumult.

TODAY BANDS OF YOUNG NEGROES around the country are preparing themselves for guerrilla warfare in the cities. The theory is chillingly simple. The ghetto is a vast sea in which the guerrilla can swim. He can venture forth to sabotage the installations of the government, or, hidden in the ghetto, he can hold down a whole company of infantry and then disappear into the crowded city. The guerrilla knows that he can never hope to overturn the government by such tactics, but his perspective is a world-wide one. America, the suppressor of world revolution, becomes overextended. Every soldier that must be garrisoned at home to keep the lid on the ghetto is one less that can be sent overseas to suppress another colored revolution. As the pressure on America mounts, it must either come to terms with the revolution both overseas and at home or turn itself into a fascist garrison state and thus at least show the world its true color.

Whether or not the guerrilla warfare in Detroit was actively planned beforehand, the results of that warfare must have confirmed many a black revolutionary's belief in the potential of such tactics. He could not fail to have noticed the symbolic fact that two brigades of the 101st Airborne had to be dispatched to Detroit. The 101st third brigade was off in Vietnam fighting the Viet Cong. All together over 10,000 troops, plus 2000 police officers, were tied up by the four-day incident. At one point, over 140 square blocks of the city were under the complete control of the rioters and snipers. The police and the National Guardsmen had been completely routed, and only when they came back with tanks and .50 caliber machine-guns blazing were they able to reestablish control. And yet there were probably never more than a handful of snipers.

The spirit of Detroit is the spirit of the Black Panthers, of Rap Brown, of Stokely Carmichael—not because they participated in the Detroit revolution or planned it, or even knew about it, but because there is a new revolutionary consensus among militant blacks that is producing guerrilla fighters. It is wild and suicidal and romantic and very irrational. It is the spirit of revolution, and since America has shown very little capacity for understanding or coping with the forces of revolution abroad, it is unlikely that it will show much understanding of the new revolutionary spirit at home. When Ronald Reagan called the guerrillas of Detroit "mad dogs" he was at least reacting honestly—expressing a sentiment that was shared by the average white American. One deals with "mad dogs" by shooting them down quickly and peremptorily and America will be tempted to do just that with the blacks, thus sparing itself the necessity of trying to find out *why* young men become guerrillas in the most "successful" country in the world. When a few more jobs are created, and a few swimming pools built in the ghettos and the rebellion does not cease, Americans will be even more furious at the "mad dogs."

America will also be tempted to find scapegoats. Last year it was Stokely Carmichael. This year it is Rap Brown. Next year it may well be Mao Tse-tung. Some enterprising newspaperman or congressman with help from J. Edgar Hoover will probably discover that some of the captured guerrillas have been reading Mao or once belonged to a political group that defended the Chinese Revolution.

But then America will be deceiving itself further. If Rap Brown is jailed, SNCC will find another leader who will sound the same tones, not because he will have taken his cue from some foreign ideology, but because he has gone through an American experience and come out of it a revolutionary. The black guerrillas have become convinced that it is impossible to achieve decent human values within this system and that it must therefore be overthrown. If America in its arrogance refuses to confront this elemental fact, then the revolutionaries will have had the last laugh. For if it merely tries to purge itself of what it considers a foreign element in its midst, America will have lost its last chance to understand the horrors of ghetto life that produce black revolutionaries. And it is that failure of understanding which produces the Detroits in the first place.

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1984

by Paul Goodman

[I. SOCIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTORS]

THERE WERE TWO main movements toward rural reconstruction in the early '70s. The first was the social decision to stop harassing the radical young, and rather to treat them kindly like Indians and underwrite their reservations. This humane policy—instead of raids of Treasury agents on the colleges, horrendous sentences for draft card burning, cracking children's skulls on the Sunset Strip—was the idea of social engineer Donald Michael, of the Institute for Policy Studies. Michael argued that, if the serious aim of society was to increase the GNP, it was more efficient to treat the non-conformists like Indians. Naturally, this was difficult when their reservations were in the middle of metropolitan areas, like the Haight-Ashbury or East Greenwich Village, or on the big university campuses. But this plan became much more feasible when an inventive tribe, the Diggers, suddenly remembered the peasant and Taoist origins of their ideology and began to forage in the country.

The second wave of ruralism was the amazing multiplication of hermits and monks who began to set up places in the depopulated areas for their meditations and services to mankind. There had always been individuals who felt that the mechanized urban areas were ugly and unhygienic and who therefore fled to the country, at first only for the summers. (I remember a nest of these in the '50s around Wardsboro, members of the Congress for Cultural Freedom supported by the CIA.) But it was not until the early '70s that humanists began to realize that society had indeed reverted to Byzantine or Late Imperial times, and who therefore withdrew to save their souls.

These two kinds of emigration sufficiently explain, I think, the present patchquilt of settlement in Vermont. On the one hand, where the Diggers settled, there are square-dance communes with their unauthentic mountain music and the extraordinary effort to develop a late-frost hemp, something like the inept taro culture in Micronesia. The Diggers have been called lawless, but their simple code—(1) Live and Let Live, and (2) the Golden Rule—is probably adequate for their simple lives. Except for the ceremonial hemp, their agriculture is strictly for subsistence; many of them live like pigs anyway. On the other hand, the hermits and the religious, with their synods according to Roberts' "Rules of Order" and their Finnish-style wooden architecture, perform social services by running Summerhill-type schools and rest homes for the retired. And their beautiful intensive and glasshouse farming, copied from the Dutch, provides the only tasty urban food now available. Besides these, there are the gurus like Goodman, who lives across the Connecticut and is terribly old.

The two distinct types coexist peaceably and of course are peaceable people. Indeed, it was during the Vietnam troubles that society first began to encourage their exodus, to get them out of the Pentagon's hair. It happened this way: Diggers and many other youths were burning draft cards in embarrassing numbers. In desperation, to get them away from settled places, the *agents provocateurs* began to schedule the be-ins and T-groups further and further out in the sticks, with transportation paid by the CIA. To the government's surprise, this caught on. The urban young suddenly decided it was groovy to dig up carrots right from the ground, to shake down apples, and to fuck the sheep; they began to camp out, and then to squat and settle. They also imagined they would grow hemp. Many professors, meantime, after signing several hundred anti-war protests in the Times (for which, by some slip-up, they could *not* get a CIA subsidy), finally became conscience-stricken about working for M.I.T., Columbia and Berkeley, and quit and set up little colleges in the hills. The rest is history. But it was not until the Kennedy-Wallace administration that the official policy of land grants and rural subsidies began. (As we shall see, this was after the Seven Plagues.)

At present there is plenty of mixing between Digger types and professor types, though at the beginning they hardly communicated. When some authentic music comes to Vermont, from Tanzania or Cambodia, it is common to find beatniks with their matted hair and lice sprawled on a professor's maple floor; and there is intermarriage. I do not mean to imply that Diggers are unattractive. Some are unkempt in a becoming way, some are diamonds in the rough, a few are real barbaric dandies. On the whole, they are sweet and serviceable people, are glad to serve as school aides, pull weeds, etc. The professors, in turn, are democratic and would like to teach them something, but unfortunately there was the break in the cultural tradition that occurred at the time of "Don't trust anybody over 30." Since the young wouldn't trust anybody—justifiably—they couldn't learn anything. And now their own children have an unbreakable apperceptive block, impervious to Head Start programs.

Common elements in the Vermont culture are fresh food, good hi-fi and much playing of musical instruments, jalopies of all vintages, disregard of moral legislation and low taxes. At some level, all are good citizens. Public services are cheap, roads are good enough, because everybody pitches in. It is touching to see Diggers who won't wash their faces carefully depositing their beer cans in litterbaskets. Another common element is, of course, Senator Aiken, who is now 100.

[II. ECOLOGICAL AND ECONOMIC FACTORS]

GENERALLY SPEAKING, emigration and rural reconstruction were unexpected consequences of the Great Enclosure policy which was supposed to get most people *off* the land and speed up urbanization. This is another example of the rule that, if people survive, inept social engineering will produce a contrary effect.

The American Enclosure of the 20th century consisted of subsidizing chain grocers and agrindustrial plantations, giving high profits to processors and packagers, befuddling the public with brand names, destroying fertile land for suburban sprawl and aircraft companies, destroying water supplies and importing expensive water, preventing rural cooperation by monopoly tactics, destroying country schools, farmers' markets and small food stores by urban renewal, destroying villages by highways and supermarkets. By the '60s only six per cent of the population was rural. Vast beautiful areas had been depopulated and were returning to swamp, as in the later Roman empire.

Meantime there were obvious signs of urban over-population. Urban costs mounted geometrically, for utilities, sanitation, policing, housing, schooling, welfare, transit, etc. To live in

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Big Digger is watching You!

a densely populated area, in however degraded a condition, was itself a luxury; yet the inhabitants were becoming poorer and poorer. The middle classes, who had options, fled to the periphery to avoid taxes and the lower classes. Despite the agricultural technology, the price of food did not diminish, since the economics of scale went to the middlemen; and once the possibility of small competition was destroyed, the chains went to town. One could no longer buy an edible tomato. When Southern sharecropping was destroyed by mechanization, no effort was made to give subsistence to the Negroes; they were forced to come to northern urban areas, even though the worst public housing cost $20,000 a dwelling unit to provide. (I say "urban areas" because there were no longer such things as "cities." I say "dwelling unit" because there were no longer such things as "homes.") A psychiatric survey of midtown New York in the '60s showed that 75 per cent of the people were neurotic and 25 per cent needed immediate treatment. There were 70,000 heroin addicts in New York.

Since the structure was economically unviable, there were frequent riots, school boycotts, rent strikes and strikes of municipal services. To these, the government responded with noble speech, confused programs and enough actual money to finance several reports by sociologists. Departments of urban affairs were opened at several universities. In 1966, the mayor of New York said that it would cost $50 billion to make New York City alone "livable."

Thus, the Summer of Seven Plagues was entirely predictable, and was indeed predicted. It is still not clear, however, how many of the disasters occurred in a chain reaction, and how many were just "bad luck." It started with a transit strike in one of the big urban areas. For a couple of weeks many people couldn't get to work, and every available motor vehicle in the region crammed the streets. Then finally occurred what we had been expecting for years: the traffic got so thick that it did not move at all. Unfortunately, instead of just giving up and abandoning the cars for a time, the drivers kept edging back and forth to extricate themselves. And during this crisis there occurred a serious temperature inversion and a wind from the factories to the west. That night, 40,000 people died from the smog. The shock of this tragedy ended the transit strike. But unluckily, on the next night occurred the power failure that lasted two days and cost $2 billion, more than the cost of a month of the Vietnam war. This seems to have had some connection with the previous troubles. Some double agents paid by the CIA to do studies in sabotage had decided that it was a bully time for fun and games. This was one of the CIA's bigger booboos.

All spring and summer there had been a drought, and now a week after the blackout came the climax of the water famine, when the outmoded pipes sprang some fatal leaks that were not patched up in time. In an urban area of ten million people, this caused untold suffering and perhaps another 20,000 deaths. And this in turn led directly to the great riot, for it *was* a long hot summer. And a few days later the new SST, returning from its maiden voyage, overshot and plunged into the skyscrapers. But this too had been in the cards and had been foretold. It is now more than a decade since the Seven Plagues, yet we still cannot calculate the mental breakdowns.

It was at this time that one of the junkies among the Diggers was heard to say, "Zap! This urban area has put the whammies on me!" "But man," said his friend, "like how you gonna score up there in that mountain where a stream runs?" "Zap! I say Zap!" A coed said, "I am tired of having premarital intercourse in urban areas. Who loves to lie with me under the greenwood tree, come hither! come hither!" As in a dream, an economist remembered Borsodi's "Prosperity and Security" which he had read as a boy. And a humanist wrote a paper pointing out that Michelangelo's Florence numbered 100,000 and Goethe's Weimar perhaps 25,000.

A finite number of years later, after several million people had already emigrated to the land, Lurleen Wallace—Bobby had had the usual Kennedy luck—signed the Land Grant and Rural Subsistence Act. Mildred Loomis, the grand lady of the Green Revolution, was named administrator; but since she was a kind of Henry George anarchist, her phone was bugged.

[III. RURAL RECONSTRUCTION]

THE TENDENCY OF efficient technology since 1900—electrification, automobiles, power tools, distant communication—was toward dispersal and decentralization. Only promoters and self-aggrandizers had pushed the urbanization. Thus some kind of rural reconstruction was bound to occur. When cybernation made possible the absolute concentration of a whole industry in a small area with a small labor force, the vast agglomerations of factory towns became obsolete; and there was no technical reason why decentralized teams of designers and programmers should not tend their gardens or go fishing. Nevertheless, it has been a gradual process, full of serendipity and hang-ups, for rural life to find its present shape.

The present rural reconstruction, such as it is, is not "pastoral" withdrawal. The Diggers and the humanist professors wanted to get out of the urban areas, but they certainly did not intend to quit the mainstream of social problems; if anything, both groups were more socially committed than the average, though they did not have the "politics" of liberal reformers. In any case, they created a framework of social

Photograph by Herb Greene

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service, and the immense number who have come since the Plagues and the government grants have fitted into it. It is a peculiar post-urban kind of ruralism.

(As of 1983, the "rural" population was 12 per cent and the United States as a whole was already more livable. Perhaps most important, there has been a lively revival of regional towns, instead of the idiotic "new towns" and dormitory towns conceived during the '60s.)

The Diggers and professors were pacifists. They took ecological problems seriously and were, of course, the chief agents, as workers, pressure groups and by nonviolent resistance, in cleaning the rivers, diminishing the insecticides, stopping the despoiling and the motels. And finally, they adopted the principle, each group in its own competence, to use the country to help solve urban problems that were insoluble or too difficult or expensive in urban settings. Following this principle, they were able to channel back to the country a portion of the enormous urban budget, e.g. for education, welfare and psychiatry. Let me give a few examples.

Back in the '60s, it had become not uncommon for Diggers and other young people to go insane and be hospitalized for a short spell, whether because of LSD or just life in America. This brought them into contact with the appalling reality of harmless loonies rotting away untreated in asylums. Now, when they took to the country, they prevailed on the doctors to release many such people to their own easy-going custody; and this resulted in the spectacular increase in remissions that has revolutionized therapy. A similar process occurred with tens of thousands of runaway adolescents who used to end up in reformatories. And also, a surprising number of adult derelicts managed to settle down among the Diggers and begin to farm and feed themselves. That is, just as the Students for a Democratic Society developed into a kind of Franciscans among the urban poor, many of the Diggers soon came to be running Catholic Worker type farms in the country.

Ironically, when the professors, using institutional and political means, tried to initiate similar programs, they met with far less success. For instance, they proposed country schooling and farm life for a certain number of slum children, in order to open their minds and give them some options. Likewise, they tried to encourage people on welfare to get out of the urban areas to where they would get more for their money. These proposals required administrative changes so that the urban money could be allotted to the country, and naturally the urban administrators resisted. But astoundingly, the poor also resisted, saying, "You're sending us back to the sticks!"—they were thinking of their own parents in Mississippi. It was not until 1978, when the government finally came around to the Guaranteed Income, that the poor could make rational choices because they could make their own choices. And almost at once 10,000 Negro families came to Vermont, took the land grant, and bought jalopies like everybody else.

As a cultural force, the hermits and monks were more adept. During the middle of the century, of course, the universities became totally corrupted by the industrial-military; apparently Western culture was done for. But *yang* and *yin*, just at this moment the humanists reappeared in the woods, to Xerox the manuscripts and carry on the tradition. And soon came hordes of eager students, apparently from nowhere, since they had lain low during the brainwashing. Indeed, it is only now, in the last terrible year or two, that we can begin to appreciate what a tremendous brain drain from society their defection has been. A vastly disproportionate share of the imaginative emigrated to the country. The dull were left behind to manage things. But since the social machine was mainly run by computer, its ineptitude did not show up, until . . .

But to end on a merrier note, let me mention the beginnings of specialist farming, where I happen to know the inside story, entirely typical of our human arrangements, alas. M., the mayor of a rather large urban area in the middle west, was the brother-in-law of L., who owned one of the hotels. L. thought he could steal a march on his competitors if he could revive the novelty of edible food. He got M. reelected and M. rammed through the quixotic reestablishment of a farmers' market, where L. signed the prime contracts. But to everybody's consternation, this tipped off the national fad of Quality that boomed in the middle '70s. Luckily it happened overnight. By the time the chain grocers tried to have fresh food banned under the Food and Drug law, it was too late.

[IV. 1984]

AND NOW?

"God works in many ways His wonders to perform." But He's not a skillful mechanic. A man drives over a cliff and "by a miracle" he only breaks his back. It would be more divine if he were a better driver and stayed on the road.

An H-bomb "accidentally" fell on Akron, wiped it out, and blasted or poisoned two million people. To be sure, it was the fourth "accident," though two of the bombs exploded at sea and one killed only a few score Eskimos.

What stupid fuck-ups men are! No, they are probably not stupid by nature. By working in rigid institutions with crooked purposes even an intelligent animal must make a moron of himself. McNamara set the standard for them all.

What *is* miraculous, however, is that even the Americans have now joined the universal revulsion. It looks as though the industrial-military is finished. But of course, then, the entire fabric of society is in shreds, since they have no other method of organization. It isn't even a "revolutionary situation." With the fall of the CIA, every left group has lost a third of its members and 100 per cent of its funds. And since the Air Force couldn't get a ship off the ground today, every right group is impotent. I suppose the universities will have to close. What will become of the CIA? What will become of the National Merit Scholarships?

It is already clear that we here in Vermont are going to be inundated. These people are running back and forth like chickens without heads, and naturally a lot of them run to us, since we have developed some kind of rudimentary structure of community. But what? In the country at large, a rural-urban ratio of 20-80 per cent or even 30-70 per cent is thinkable, it even makes sense. But this present flood is chaos.

Well, we'll do our duty as we always have. We're braced for it. And—thank God—at whatever cost—is there *really* a possibility of peace? Can we *live* without the nightmare of those bombs always in the back of our minds, or will we all flip?

Paul Goodman's most recent books are Like a Conquered Province *and* Five Years.

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by Judy Stone

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The Mystery of B. Traven

...Yet who is he that could stand a hundred questions and answer none? An unanswered question flutters about you for the rest of your life. It does not let you sleep; it does not let you think. You feel that the equilibrium of the universe is at stake if you leave a question pending. A question without an answer is something so incomplete that you simply cannot bear it. You can get crazy thinking of the problems of an unbalanced solar system. The word "why" with a question mark behind it is the cause, I am quite certain, of all culture, civilization, progress, and science. This word "why" has changed and will again change every system by which mankind lives and prospers; it will end war, and it will bring war again; it will lead to communism, and it will surely destroy communism again; it will make dictators and despots, and it will dethrone them again; it will make new religions, and it will turn them into superstitions again; it will make a nebula the real and spiritual center of the universe, and it will again make the same nebula an insignificant speck in the super-universe. The little word "why" with a question mark.

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Introduction

WHERE SHALL I BEGIN TO TELL MY STORY about B. Traven? With the sardonic writer who can draw his reader tenderly into the heart of a Mexican peasant, the writer known mainly in the United States for *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*? Shall I start with a deaf old man on a sunlit patio in Mexico City, stubbornly clinging to his secrets? Or with a brave young revolutionary editor facing execution on May Day 1919, in Munich, Germany, a country ripped apart by war, rebellion, murder, treachery and despair?

Traven's identity is a mystery that for 40 years has teased millions of his readers throughout the world. It is a story so complicated by life and so obscured by design that it would take an international team of detectives to unravel all the threads, and a novelist greater than Traven to plumb the tragedy, the pain, the loneliness, the gamesmanship, the love and the irony in the true story of this writer for whom irony is the spice of life.

"You ought to have some papers to show who you are," the police officer advised the sailor without a passport in B. Traven's novel *The Death Ship*. "I don't need any paper; I know who I am," he said.

B. Traven knows who he is. Perhaps. He has played so many roles and he's old and tired and bedeviled still, and people keep demanding, "*Why* don't you tell us who you are?"

He is all these people:

Ret Marut, actor and editor, registered as an alien by Dusseldorf police in 1912. Birthplace: San Francisco, on February 25, 1882. Nationality: English, later mysteriously changed to American.

Richard Maurhut, German novelist.

Berick Traven Torsvan, who said he was born in Chicago, Illinois, on March 5, 1890, now a citizen of Mexico under that name.

Hal Croves, Traven's "agent" and scriptwriter.

How many other pseudonyms and false papers for one man, haunted forever by the question of his birth, crying out, "I do not want to be anything but a human being, a man"? How terrible for life to force deceptions upon an honest man.

Although I had admired B. Traven's novels, *The Death Ship* and *The Rebellion of the Hanged*, for many years, I did not become curious about the author until 1964. At that time, during a Christmas vacation in Mexico City, I tried to learn what had happened to a Mexican movie based on Traven's novel *Rosa Blanca* (The White Rose) about the maneuvers of an American oil magnate to grab Mexican land for exploitation. It was filmed in 1962 and never released: its quiet disappearance was a mystery replete with the smell of oil and international politics. A year later I was rewarded—and frustrated—by an unprecedented series of interviews with Traven, "the man who never gives interviews." They were interviews which raised more questions than they answered. The questions multiplied while I spent maddening months working with German translators on Ret Marut's vitriolic anti-war newspaper Der Ziegelbrenner, and a whole world opened up that I had known nothing about.

The history books can spare only a few lines for the Bavarian Revolution because what followed required volumes. But the history of our time might have been different if that revolution had succeeded, a revolution led by a handful of Jewish writers —Social Democrats, anarchists, Communists, Utopians: they believed in Germany and humanity. Their revolution was born without bloodshed on November 7, 1918, and died May 1, 1919, in the agony of 600 murders, the first casualties of World War II. Who can blame the man who wants to forget that he ever took part in the life and death of that country? He has chosen to maintain absolute silence about that period of his life.

I FELT UNHAPPILY LIKE AN INTERLOPER when I first met Traven in May 1966, and I feel unhappily that way still. He has tried so hard for so long to defend his privacy. I would like to leave him in peace. I would like to forget the whole thing—all the confusion and contradictions in Traven's life—but that history keeps nagging at me. When I try to forget it by turning to the daily paper, I fall prey to history's troubling analogies.

In that echo from Bavaria, there are not only parallels to political events today, but also to attitudes. There is not much distance in space or time between the hippies' plea: "Make love not war" and Ret Marut, writing angrily in flight from Germany in 1921: "To be ashamed to look like a tramp is the right of the bourgeoisie. To have this right to be taken for a wealthy citizen makes you into a slave . . . If you could put everything into your own bag, then the cannons would rust and the walls of the citadel would fall . . ."

A whole new generation that would respond to Traven's anarchistic approach to life and his undoctrinaire rebelliousness doesn't even know his name. Although Traven's 12 novels have appeared in more than 500 editions in 36 languages and have sold in the millions of copies in Europe and Latin America, only five have been published in the United States, and most of those are out of print. His writing may seem occasionally old-fashioned or awkward, but his storytelling is superb and his powerful, ironic foresight shows a contemporary 20th century vision. Kenneth Rexroth, discussing *Disengagement: The Art of the Beat Generation* in 1957, said: "The first and still the greatest novelist of total disengagement is not a young man at all, but an elderly IWW of German ancestry, B. Traven . . ."

When "Hal Croves" invited me to his home in Mexico, I had assumed that he was willing to talk about the past, Traven's past. Señora Rosa Elena Luján, officially known as Traven's "agent," a handsome, black-eyed woman in her fifties, picked me up at the hotel, introduced herself as "Mrs. Croves" and drove me to their home on a modest side street off Mexico City's beautiful tree-lined boulevard, the Reforma. Croves walked slowly out to the patio to greet me. He is of slightly under medium height, his whitish hair is worn long, and an imperious-looking nose dominates his face. Although he was sportily dressed with an ascot tucked neatly into his jacket, he appeared frail and helpless because his hearing aid

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was not working properly, querulous because a new battery had not been purchased for it, and a sense of his agitation on meeting a stranger, a reporter, filled the air. Behind the thick glasses of a scholar, his blue eyes, magnified, looked sad and lost in some other world of his own. His deafness added a strange dimension to our meeting. It seemed an insurmountable obstacle obliterating even the possibility of easily asking the questions I knew he would be reluctant to answer.

Suddenly he began to speak in a rush of words, his English accented by a trace of German. "Forget the man!" he cried in passion. "What does it matter if he is the son of a Hohenzollern prince or anyone else? Write about his works. Write how he is against anything which is forced upon human beings, including communism or Bolshevism. See how, among all of Traven's books, there goes one thought like a red thread from the first line of his first book to the last line of his last book. Since he doesn't want to be a reformer or preacher, he lets the reader get the red thread."

That thread began to unwind for me as I read his other books and listened to him expound on the philosophy behind Traven's works—only the philosophy, never the person. But I didn't begin to understand him or the motivation behind his writing until I studied his newspaper, Der Ziegelbrenner, and went back into history to learn about the Bavarian Revolution. All that followed reflected those days of hope and shattered illusions, and it is there that the story of B. Traven begins.

Part I

[The 'Unknown' German Revolution]

I.

[A WAR ENDS; A REVOLUTION DIES; THE GERMAN RIGHT BEGINS ITS RISE TO POWER]

SPRINGTIME IN MUNICH, 1919: the stench of death filled the air, the streets and jails were clogged with the dead and the wounded, defeat and starvation dogged the people, but in the beer gardens, the regimental bands of Germany's new Social Democratic Republic blared out the national anthem, "Deutschland über Alles." The threat of Bolshevism had been destroyed: Bavaria's infant Soviet Republic was dead. In the 19th Infantry barracks, White guards, government troops from Berlin, wearing white armbands, shot at random every tenth soldier, a lesson to those who might have been sympathetic to the Soldiers and Workers Councils that had sprung up in the wake of the Armistice. One soldier was to be spared; his snappy salutes in the midst of a rebellious, disintegrating Army had brought him to the attention of Reichswehr officers. They had fled revolutionary Munich, leaving that one man behind to spy on his fellow soldiers. He was punctilious about his first political task and delivered his reports in writing. "His indictments," wrote one of his friends, "cast a merciless clarity upon the unspeakable disgrace of the military treason practiced by the Jewish dictatorship of Munich's Soviet period." The soldier-informer was Adolf Hitler.

For more than a year, revolution had erupted through Europe. On March 15, 1917, Czar Nicholas abdicated; on November 7, 1917, the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerensky provisional government; the Hapsburg dynasty fell in Vienna; on November 7, 1918, Kurt Eisner, an Independent (left) Social Democrat from Berlin, proclaimed the end of the royal Wittelsbach rule in Bavaria and announced the formation of the Bavarian Republic. In the tradition of German law and order, Eisner instructed "all bureaucrats to remain at their posts"—a tragicomic notice considering the internecine warfare among splinter factions of Social Democrats, anarchists, just plain bohemians and pro-Bolshevik Spartacists.

In Berlin, on November 9, a reluctant Social Democratic Party took over the new Republic of Germany and Kaiser Wilhelm II fled to Holland. On the very day of the foundation of the German Republic, a secret agreement took place which was to prove its death blow: Friedrich Ebert, a leader of the majority Social Democrats, made a pact with General Wilhelm Groener, second in command of the German Army. Ebert, who once said he hated revolution "like sin," promised to "put down anarchy and Bolshevism and maintain the Army in all its traditions," and the general pledged the Army's support—a pledge he was finally unable to carry out—to help the new government establish itself. But the conflict between the Army with its Prussian traditions and the anti-militarist Socialists soon came to a head. In December, the first Soviet Congress of Germany demanded the dismissal of Field Marshal von Hindenburg and the abolition of the Regular Army; the Army in turn demanded action against the Spartacists headed by Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. Two days after Christmas, Ebert, provisional head of the government, appointed Gustav Noske minister of national defense. Noske, a former master butcher who was quite pleased with his role as "bloodhound," crushed the Spartacists in Berlin, and Spartacist leaders Luxemburg and Liebknecht were captured and murdered on January 15. These were the first of a long series of political assassinations that went basically unpunished along the road that led to Auschwitz.

On February 21, Eisner was killed in Munich by a right-wing officer, Count Anton Arco-Valley, a half-Jew who had been refused admission to the conspiratorial and racist Thule Society led by Rudolf Hess and Dietrich Eckart. The Bavar-

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ians rallied behind Eisner as they had never done when he was alive, and two crazily confused Soviet Republics were set up. But on May 1, 1919, Regular Army troops from Berlin and Bavarian "free corps" volunteers overthrew the government and massacred hundreds, radicals and innocents alike. From this bloody soil the German right flourished, and from this Bavarian base Adolf Hitler rose to power.

II.

[ENTER RET MARUT, OF UNCERTAIN PARENTAGE, WHO PUBLISHES AN ANTI-WAR, ANTI-CAPITALIST MAGAZINE IN THE THICK OF WORLD WAR I]

AMONG THOSE ARRESTED ON MAY 1 was a young man known as Ret Marut. Slight and quiet, about 27 years old, he had been a minor actor and director in German theaters from 1906 to 1915. In 1917, he appeared in Munich and began publishing Der Ziegelbrenner (The Brick Burner: one who makes bricks to lay a foundation for a better world), a small, booklet-like magazine with a brick-red cover filled with passionate attacks against militarism, nationalism, materialism, religious hypocrisy and a venal press. There were lyrical translations from Shelley and a constant invocation of Goethe as the great, true spirit of Germany. There are a few glimpses of the editor's tender, angry heart behind his resolutely ironic vision, as well as an occasional petty vindictiveness in shoddy contrast to his great insight—qualities to be found, later, in the novels that were to make him famous under the name of B. Traven.

Marut was a lonely and eccentric figure, but it was a lonely time for a man of conviction. In every country, there were few Socialists and pacifists who had maintained the courage of their convictions with the call to arms in 1914. In Germany, 93 of the most noted artists, scientists and philosophers issued a "Manifesto to the Civilized World" in October 1914, denying German violations of Belgian neutrality and stories of German atrocities. The Manifesto spoke of the "shameful spectacle . . . of Russian hordes . . . allied with Mongols and Negroes . . . unleashed against the white race" and declared that German *Kultur* would have been wiped off the face of the earth had it not been for German militarism. Less than a single handful of individuals were willing to go on public record challenging this *Kulturwelt* Manifesto. One was Albert Einstein.

Another figure in Germany's minority intellectual opposition was the man known as Marut, who, in Munich, set about condemning war and nationalism in his own highly individualistic, subscribers-be-damned attitude. In the early issues of the sporadically published Der Ziegelbrenner, he expressed a kind of love for the potentiality of German spiritual leadership, but by 1921, it was transformed into a cry of anguish and contempt: "If only I could be a foreigner who wouldn't have any blood relationship with the new Germany," he wrote in one of his last issues, published while the writer was in flight from Germany, shortly thereafter to disappear forever as Marut and begin to write as B. Traven.

Marut's "blood relationship" to Germany is obscure. One theory about the name—Marut was one of the first in a long series of pseudonyms—was developed by Rolf Recknagel, professor of literature at the University of Leipzig in East Germany. He recently completed ten painstaking years comparing the works of Marut, the obscure German polemicist and the famous—but mysterious—Traven. Marut is the Indo-Aryan word for storm clouds (a similar name, Gales, was later used for the first person narrator in several of Traven's novels). In the Rigveda, the most ancient (2000-1000 B.C.) hymns of the Hindus, the storm clouds "assume the defiant name of the Maruts . . . fierce in strength . . . these Maruts have brought together heaven and earth . . . who are these resplendent men? . . . No one indeed knows their births; they alone know each other's birthplace . . . These Maruts stir up even the sluggard, even the vagrant, as the gods pleased. O strong ones, drive away the darkness, and grant us all our kith and kin."*

In a routine police registration for aliens in Dusseldorf in 1912, Marut said he was born on February 25, 1882, in San Francisco. He gave England as his nationality, but on August 1, 1914, the day Kaiser Wilhelm II decreed a general mobilization, Marut had England—a potential enemy—changed to America, a switch that even today mystifies German police. Who authorized such an essential change? A Munich police warrant for Marut's arrest in 1919 listed both parents as dead; his father's name was given as William and his mother's maiden name as Helene Ottarent. Marut informed police that he was an impresario from San Francisco. He had once told his close friend, Elfriede Zielke, an actress, that his mother was Irish, his father English, and that he himself had been born on a ship, his birth papers deposited in San Francisco, and the records destroyed in the 1906 fire and earthquake.

It is interesting that an issue of Der Ziegelbrenner carried a similar story—an excerpt from *Denied a Country* by the Danish novelist Herman Bang: "Joán heard Jens Lund saying to Collyett: 'Melbourne, Melbourne, country—country: It makes me wild to hear all this talk about one's country. Why do you suppose I am greater than anybody else? Because I have no country . . . Country? My parents were more obliging. They didn't give me one. The man without a country is the free man, and I was born on the high seas which connect all countries. One's country—what is it? Trotting around the same table and keeping our thumb in the same groove that our forefathers' thumbs have scooped out. I *have* a country, and that, sir, is called *Myself*. There I am king and people and parliament and lawgiver. *I* am my country and *I* am its government . . .' "

The man without a country, or proof of nationality, later became Traven's central theme in *The Death Ship*. A preoccupation with birth records, illegitimacy and official documents is the most important element in the novelist's strained and confounding attempts to hide his true identity—a preoccupation reflected constantly in his writings as Marut, and as Traven.

Although San Francisco's city records were destroyed in the 1906 fire, the San Francisco Chronicle's birth announcements for February 25, 1882, show none of the names used by Marut. Although only Traven, presumably, knows where he was born and grew up, his "earliest childhood dreams" were about Germany. In Der Ziegelbrenner, he wrote of his "strong longing" for Germany, a longing that could only be

* The interest in Hindu literature which, along with LSD, has become part of the so-called "psychedelic" movement in the USA, became fashionable in Germany after the Upanishads captured Schopenhauer's imagination. Sanskrit departments were established in nearly all of the German universities about the turn of the century, and plays from the Sanskrit were produced on German stages.

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understood "by one who experiences like me that one's homeland is not a piece of earth but an idea, an idea which might be expressed as 'belonging to a certain specific world of culture and thought that finds its visual expression in the language.' "

He passionately wanted Germany to live up to his idealized dreams. When the first issue of Der Ziegelbrenner was published on September 1, 1917, Germany appeared to be winning the war on the eastern front. But Marut pointed out that anyone who had lived abroad, as he had, knew that Germany's spiritual influence upon the rest of the world was not as great as Germans thought. England and America knew as much about Germany as they did about Serbia and evaluated its people in about the same way: "half-barbaric and choleric."

Although a new image of Germany was emerging, Marut warned that eventual victory would lie, not in conquests, but in Germany's ability to rise to the heights demanded of a world leader.

Marut urged his readers "to understand that the only cause of this mass disaster is money . . . It was capitalism which suggested to mankind that the highest goal in life is the acquisition of money . . . Only in this way is it understandable that England is conducting the war to make business more profitable and that Germany is conducting the war to safeguard and support her always steadily increasing volume of business. You can turn that over at will but from all pores of this war there exhudes the concept of money. Even the ideals fought for are in the last analysis only money concepts made magical."

He explained that people who lead drab lives have a need to participate in the excitement of war. If men and women could fulfill all their potentialities in stimulating and constructive work, no country in the world would succeed in drumming up an aggressive, martial spirit, he predicted.

Marut called for "a totally new construction of our thinking . . ." He declared that "it must be made impossible . . . for hundreds of thousands of tons of the best grain to be burned by man's hands to keep grain and bread prices from falling. It must be made impossible to flood mines purposely to keep coal prices up, to leave thousands of good fields untilled so that land owners achieve higher prices, for German factories to deliver cannons, submarines and guns and ammunition to foreign countries. All this can be avoided and will be avoided automatically if values are not set anymore by money . . . but by work . . ." The waste of the earth's bounty by market manipulation and the waste of man's limited lifetime on earth in war and in mechanical labors were equally abhorrent to Marut. Unlike the majority of Social Democratic leaders of his time, necessity had taken him beyond the narrow sights of patriotism and expediency to see in war the destruction of man and in drudgery the destruction of the human spirit. These, later, become primary concerns of B. Traven. "Even in heaven I should feel sick if I just had to sit around and eat and eat," Traven writes in *The Death Ship*. "I should feel unhappy in a communist state where the community takes all the risks I want to take myself." The need for work that will make men feel useful and enrich their lives is Traven's theme whether he expresses it by describing a meaningless search for gold in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* or in novels about the brutalities inflicted upon Indian laborers in the mahogany jungles of Mexico.

His concern with these problems can be traced back to that first issue of Der Ziegelbrenner when, reaching beyond the censor's ken, he also obliquely expressed his own thoughts in his translations of three poems by Shelley: "Ozymandias," that king of kings, seen in the new light of the Kaiser's Germany, the colossal remaining wreck of power; "Tomorrow," with its irony about hope for the future; "Time," the unfathomable sea, "brackish with the salt of human tears." Later, Marut also featured Shelley's prose "Declaration of Rights," written in Dublin in 1812, and translated as *Die Menschenrechte*.

TIME

Unfathomable sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality,
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

ZEIT

Unergründliches Meer, dessen Wellen Jahre sind! / Weltmeer der Zeit, dessen Gewässer tiefen Weh's / Salzig sind von dem Salze menschlicher Tränen! / Du uferloses Gewoge, das Du in Deiner Ebbe und in Deiner Flut / Umarmst die Grenzen der Sterblichkeit / Und überdrüssig des Raubes, dennoch heulend um mehr / Deine Wracks erbrichst auf ihrem ungastlichen Gestade! / Verräterisch in der Ruhe und schreckenverbreitend im Sturm / Wer soll wohl hinausfahren auf Dir? / Unergründliches Meer?

III.

[TRAVEN'S MYSTERIOUS RELATIONSHIP TO THE KAISER]

A MOST INCONGRUOUS NOTE appears on Der Ziegelbrenner's "theater page" under the headline "Economics, Horatio, Economics." There is a sweeping attack on "The King's Players" by a Viennese playwright, Hans Müller. Marut dismisses the play as a "lot of junk." He condemns the playwright for having written a newspaper article about his audience with Kaiser Wilhelm II who "spoke a few kind words for the play." He accuses Müller of "incredible and mean tactlessness, lack of taste and disgusting indiscretion against the German emperor who was so innocently trusting as to have a conversation with Hans Müller . . ." Marut declared that Müller showed no understanding of "the politeness and good humor that come out of the warm heart of an emperor." The emperor's "good taste in theater questions is generally known," Marut pointed out, but His Royal Highness could scarcely criticize a Viennese playwright while he was a guest of the Viennese court.

Since the Kaiser's own verbal indiscretion with the press had shaken world capitals, such delicate consideration is as astonishing to find in the fiery pages of Der Ziegelbrenner as would be a lyric poem by Robert Lowell in the second act of "MacBird" honoring President Johnson's patronage of the arts.

The only way this unlikely passage makes any sense is in light of rumors that the man now known as the novelist B. Traven is the son of the Kaiser. German reporter Gerd

Paintings by Charles White III

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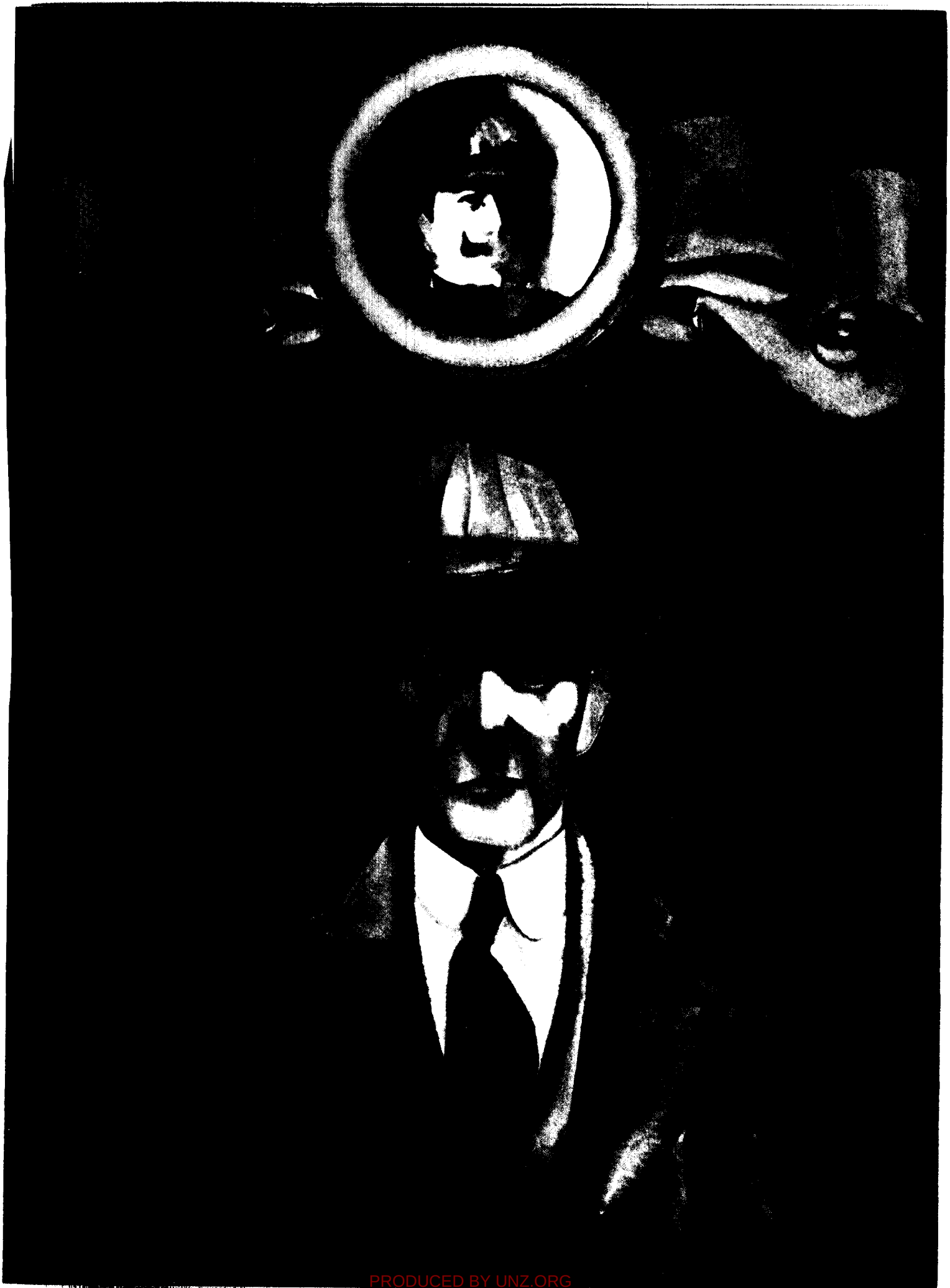

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Heidemann wrote in Stern magazine recently that Rosa Elena Luján, the novelist's wife, had told him that her husband believed he was Wilhelm's son. Traven's mother, a theatrical performer, had told him so when he was already fighting the Kaiser and his system. (Señora Luján later denied that she had revealed this story.) Stern published photographs of the Kaiser, Traven, and two of the Kaiser's six legitimate children*: the only surviving one, Viktoria Luise, and the late Crown Prince Wilhelm. There is a remarkable resemblance. The Kaiser's oldest legitimate son was born on May 6, 1882, some two months after the February 25, 1882 birth date Ret Marut had given to Dusseldorf police.

Kaiser Wilhelm II, married at the age of 22 on *February 25, 1881*, was the son of Frederick III, a kind-hearted and liberal man, and Princess Victoria, the highly emotional, opinionated daughter of England's Queen. He suffered from the birth injuries of a shortened left arm and impaired hearing in his left ear. Wilhelm II grew up torn between two ideals: the Prussian Junker and the Liberal English gentleman. Kaiser Wilhelm said that he got both his stubbornness and his interest in the arts from his British mother. The Kaiser was also fascinated by archeology, and published articles on naval strategy under a pseudonym. An objective and perceptive biography by Michael Balfour shows him as a shy and uneasy man, boisterous, too talkative and bolstered by his conviction of the divine right of the Hohenzollern kings; a man with an acute lack of self-confidence behind his favorite pose of iron resolve. Taut and restless, he escaped into a world reshaped unrealistically to his own vision. He was in fact always acting a part. In a large repertoire, three roles were his particular favorites, those of Frederick the Great, of the English milord and Bismarck. Although he was intensely interested in the theater, music and art, "his interference in matters of taste made him highly unpopular in artistic circles." Balfour concludes: "When all the criticisms have been passed, one has the feeling that this was only half the man and that there was another half and one as alive to his own deficiencies as any of the critics."

Was this the father of that equally divided man, B. Traven? Traven himself may not know the truth. But the fact remains that someone in Germany, someone of considerable importance, protected—and perhaps subsidized—an "alien" radical anti-war editor in the midst of World War I.

There may have been a germ of truth in each of the conflicting stories Marut/Traven gave about his parentage. If his mother was from Great Britain, Marut could have claimed British nationality, and if she had traveled to the United States, where she was unknown, to have her child, he could have claimed American citizenship. One wonders if Marut just felt a sense of identity with Herman Bang's Joán, Prince of "No-country," or if Marut's story had inspired Bang. It is not inconceivable that they had met. Bang, a roving journalist, known as the Danish Oscar Wilde, worked in Berlin and Vienna and associated mainly with artists and performers of all kinds. His *Denied a Country* was first published in 1906, a time when Marut was listed as a supporting actor on German theater programs.

Marut's obsession with illegitimacy and his interest in the theater are both demonstrated in the theater notes of Der Ziegelbrenner's first issue. He praised Strindberg's "Crown Bride," a laconic play on the folk tale motif of an unmarried mother who murders her child, as a "mighty drama," superior in some ways to Goethe's "Faust."

IV.

[RET MARUT WARNS THE GERMANS AGAINST RACIAL SUPERIORITY, BUT REFLECTS CONFUSION HIMSELF]

DER ZIEGELBRENNER, IN NOVEMBER 1918, was strongly anti-nationalistic; Marut showed the foresight to dissect the racist theories of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, "one of the strangest Englishmen who ever lived." Few Americans are aware that Chamberlain played a significant part in stimulating German racism.

Many Nazis considered Chamberlain the spiritual founder of the Third Reich. Although he was the son of an English admiral and nephew of a British field marshal, Chamberlain was greatly impressed first by his Prussian tutor and then by Richard Wagner who became his father-in-law. In Germany, Chamberlain joined the Gobineau Society, named in honor of a French count who wrote a four-volume essay on the "Inequality of the Human Races," expounding race as the key to history and civilization. In turn, Chamberlain wrote *Foundations of the 19th Century* in 1898, propagating the view that the way to salvation lies in the Teutonic race. The book profoundly influenced both Kaiser Wilhelm II and Adolf Hitler. Years later, Chamberlain, ill and disillusioned by Germany's defeat in the First World War, was swept off his feet by Hitler who visited him in Bayreuth in 1923. "You have mighty things to do," he wrote to Hitler the next day. "With one stroke, you have transformed the state of my soul."

Back in 1918, Marut had already recognized the path to destruction in Chamberlain's philosophy. He bluntly called him a "liar" and wrote that "a German who would have conducted himself in England as this Englishman has in Germany would have been spit upon in Germany . . . A man who has had the great fortune to write about Goethe uses his editorial ability to throw the people of Germany into an abyss of destruction. If he is so enchanted with Germany, why didn't he go to the trenches? All the men have gone who haven't talked this much about Germany's destiny. If I were an enemy foreigner and I had a plan to make the German people ready for destruction . . . I would have done it exactly as Houston Stewart Chamberlain has done here in Germany. It was he who managed to give the Germans the ridiculous idea that Germany was called upon to take world dominion away from England and practice it themselves. It was he who injected the German people with the bacillus of the superiority complex to throw it into the deepest decay that can happen to a people . . . [He is] responsible for the blood of German sons . . . Whatever

* Of the six, Crown Prince Wilhelm's photographs show the closest similarity to Traven. The Crown Prince died of battle wounds on May 26, 1940, in France while serving with the Nazi armies. On June 17, 1940, the day France fell, the Kaiser, in exile in Doorn in occupied Holland, sent a telegram of congratulations to Hitler whom he had long scorned. "Under the deeply moving impression of the capitulation of France, I congratulate you and the whole German Wehrmacht on the mighty victory granted by God, in the words of the Emperor Wilhelm the Great in 1870: 'What a turn of events brought about by divine dispensation.' " The Kaiser's fourth son, Prince August Wilhelm, was a fanatical Nazi and leader in the SS. As the storm gathered and broke on Europe, Ret Marut, now B. Traven, was far away in the loneliness and safety of Mexico.

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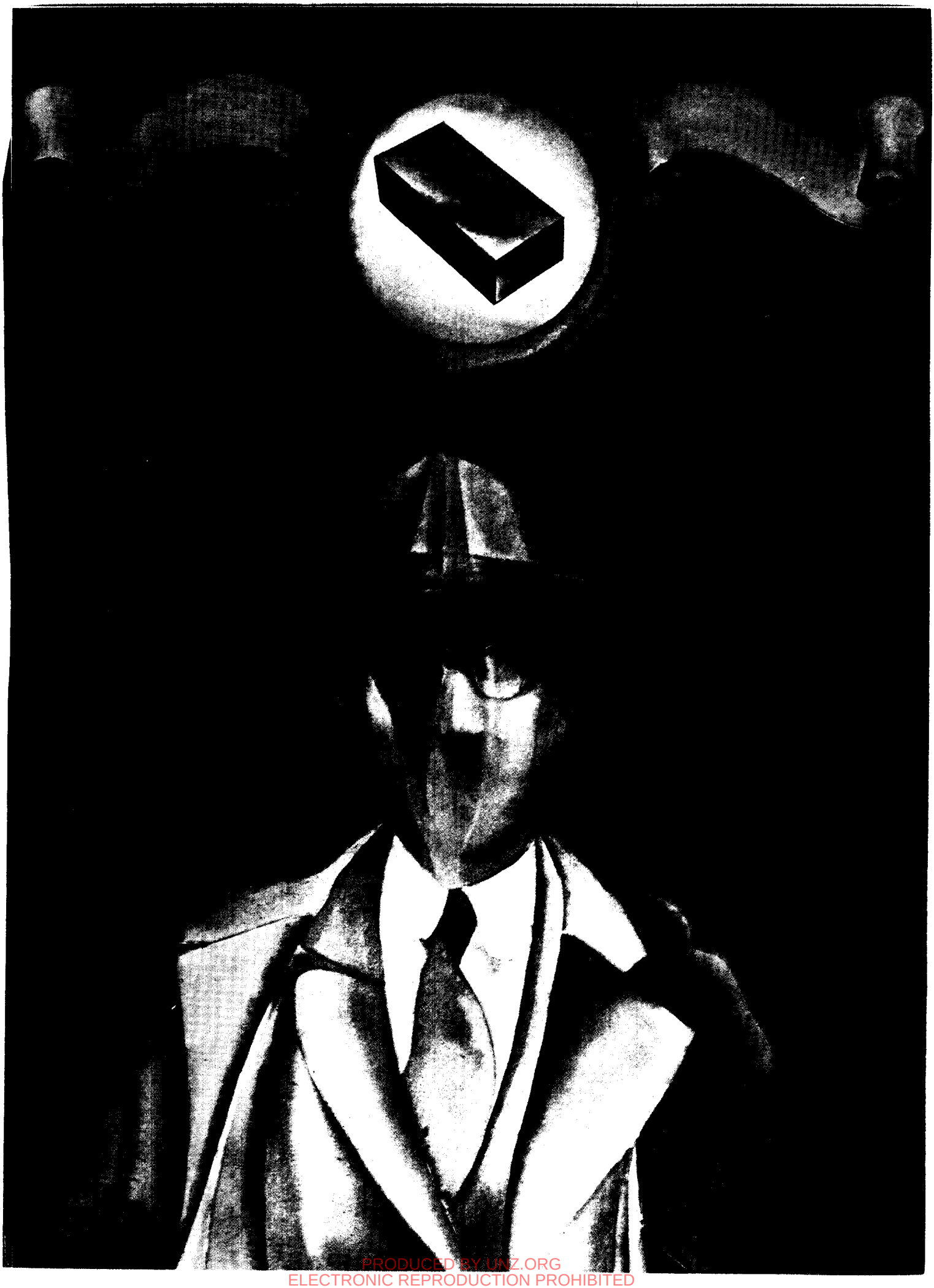

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the German people have done in destroying their own people seems blood-white compared to the murderous writings of this man . . ."

"Fortunately," wrote Marut, "the German people possess neither the brutality nor the rawness, the disrespect or egotistical greed or thoughtless bloodthirstiness nor the feeling of despising people . . . necessary to carry out world domination successfully." Although history would force him to see the bitter error of those words, he *did* know in 1917, with uncanny prescience, that Germany had to be protected "from ever achieving the ability to become a world power." He believed that a poem by Goethe did more honor to a country than an ability to compete successfully on world markets.

Marut himself, attacked by both Jews and anti-Semites, asserted that he was neither a Jew nor an anti-Semite. "If I said that I'm terribly proud of being 100 per cent Teutonic then I would be lying. I'm not proud of it. I can't help it. I had just as little to do with my parentage as with my nationality, be it German, Persian or Chinese."

When the anti-Semitic poet Dietrich Eckart, who later became a friend of Hitler's, implied that Marut was a Jew, the editor answered, ". . . I stand in my own world . . . I find no relationship to Eckart and his friends nor to the Jews. I can't stand a person who proclaims his Jewishness just as I can't stand a person who underlines his anti-Semitism. To me only the person counts *but even with him I only want contact under specific conditions* [my italics]. The German has developed into a person who tries to satisfy his desires for world power so he can have a better export business, and a Jew satisfies himself with the good business he did before the war. Therefore, the anti-Semitic German has really become the Jew, the Jew who loses sleep because of the beautiful business with the English grocers, and the Jew has acquired the German view that loss of spiritual cultural good is sadder than the action of railroad shares . . ."

For all of his independent radicalism, however, there are signs that Marut was not immune to the virus of anti-Semitism. He wrote that ". . . the people who came closest to me in friendship were mostly Jews, but sadly I have to admit—and I stress the word sadly—I haven't found any decent people among them. At one certain point where it counts, hard tact or greatness, they suddenly failed always and all of them, maybe this was because I expected too much of people . . . Two other people have proven that these expectations could be fulfilled. These however were Germans and aristocrats by birth and name. But I don't want to lower myself that just because of my own painful experience among Jews there are no decent people. If I didn't find them that's only my own fault, so why should I become an anti-Semite?"

He continued, his tone changing as it often does into angry desperation about the follies of the human race: "Whether Jew or German, Czech or Slovak, French or Japanese, Italian or American, you're all the same pack and the same mob. The Czech will suppress the German just the same as it seemed unbearable to him to be suppressed and specifically you, Jew, are not any better because as long as you say 'I'm a Jew and proud to be one' . . . you're just as bad as an anti-Semite and the only reason you're not anti-Aryan is because you're now in the minority . . . You cry 'Zion' and I cry back 'earth.' That already proves to me that you belong to the same worms as the others. The name doesn't do anything, Jew, so stay away from me. I'm looking for people."

Marut constantly tried to point out the ironies and contradictions in the nationalist Christian's profession of faith, as well as the dichotomies within Judaism. But this shrillness* in the work of a man who understood the evil of anti-Semitism is difficult to understand today. However, at that time anti-Semitism had infected all of Europe, just as the poison of segregation in America also eats into the souls of white men who pride themselves on their belief in equality.

Significantly, Professor Recknagel's book, *B. Traven, Contributions to a Biography*, published last year in East Germany, omits almost every reference to Jews. The passage quoted above is reduced to a statement that Marut had a small circle of friends including Jews and two people who were German aristocrats. If I were writing this article in Germany today, I would want to make the same deletions. But I think there are still lessons for Americans to learn from Germany's past, as painful as they may be. It is not easy for either Germans or Jews to look back dispassionately at that other comparatively safe world in which German Jews prided themselves on their assimilation and their superiority to Eastern European Jews, at a time when Jewish radicals and Jewish businessmen were mortal enemies. When that world went up in smoke, so too did all class and political quarrels.

Although Marut emphasized that he wanted to be without political friends, his closest political affinity was to the Jewish radicals on Bavaria's postwar scene. As a man hostile to all nationalism and clerical hypocrisy, he must have felt free to call the shots as honestly as he saw them, no matter how brutal they might sound to us, 40 years later. But I also believe that Marut's own clouded origin lies at the heart of this matter as with so many aspects of his work. If a man cannot *prove* his birth or nationality, he knows how little they really mean, but at the same time, he must feel forced to find refuge in despising those who take pride in their own people, their own families and country. "Destroy all documents!" cries the schoolteacher in Traven's *General from the Jungle*.

I thought of Traven when I read these words by James Baldwin: ". . . the father-son relationship is one of the most crucial and dangerous on earth, and to pretend that it can be otherwise really amounts to an exceedingly dangerous heresy . . . It is to be doubted that any of us ever do [get over it] and I think we do ourselves a disservice when we pretend that we have, and substitute the lie of our indifference for the truth of our pain. The truth of our pain is all we have, it is the key to who we are."

If that is the key to the complex mystery of novelist B.Traven, it is, in another sense, also the key to the first tragedy of so many German Jews who were unable to say, with Marut's friend, Gustav Landauer, "My Germanism and my Jewishness do each other no harm but much good . . . I accept my complexity and hope to be a unity of even greater complexities than I am aware of."

* This tone disappears when Marut leaves Germany and its racial obsessions and begins writing as Traven. I would like to believe that the rejection of Marut he expressed in one conversation with me signifies a rejection of this type of writing. He dismissed Marut as a "political charlatan"; however, he did not specifically deny that he had been Marut. At the time I interviewed him, when he was still clinging to his identity as "Hal Croves," I had not yet read translations of Der Ziegelbrenner. I later raised questions about anti-Semitism and the Bavarian period in a letter to him—but he has not replied.

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V.

[BACKGROUND TO REVOLUTION: THE SPLIT WITHIN THE GERMAN JEWS]

MARUT'S PREOCCUPATION WITH CHRISTIANITY and Judaism can be better understood in the light of the terrible split within the German Jews, a split illustrated in the lives of the Jewish radicals he knew during the Bavarian Revolution: Eisner, Landauer, Ernst Toller, Eric Mühsam and Eugen Leviné. With the exception of Landauer, they all rejected their Jewish heritage.

In his eloquent autobiography, *I was a German*, Toller told about his 13 months in the trenches before he was released, an invalid and a disillusioned man: ". . . [I was] filled with a passionate desire to prove at the risk of my life that I was a German, nothing but a German. From the front I wrote to the court to erase my name from the Jewish rolls. Was all that in vain? . . . I wanted to repudiate my mother; I am ashamed of myself. That a child was compelled to resort to such lies, what a horrible indictment against all who drove him to it . . . Must I succumb to the madness of my persecutors and accept Jewish instead of German arrogance? Arrogance and love are not synonymous, and if anyone asked me where I belonged, my answer would be: a Jewish mother brought me into this world, Germany has nourished me, Europe has educated me, my home is this earth, and the world my fatherland."

German Jews achieved their full emancipation from the ghetto only after 1871. They got their first civil liberties from the French under Napoleon, but even that was no gift: the Jews of Frankfurt had to pay 440,000 gulden for the right to civil equality. After Napoleon's defeat the Germans reimposed degrading distinctions on these "friends of the French." "Even Goethe, the choicest spirit of the new Germany was the leader in a movement to reimpose humiliating distinctions about the Jews of Saxe-Weimar," a Jewish historian records. There were Jews who opted for baptism and assimilation: some lived with that choice easily and others were torn by it. A few became violently anti-Semitic. Others chose to work for all of humanity through socialism or anarchism. For those who know Traven's novels, it is unexpected to come upon his involvement with five Jewish radicals whom history has forgotten in the "unknown revolution" in Bavaria.

Kurt Eisner, the son of a Jewish munitions manufacturer, had fought against militarism since 1907 within the Social Democratic Party. He was a witty theater critic and ironic writer, but his parody of a "Kaiser" brought him nine months in jail in 1897. And the anti-militarist stance he shared with Karl Liebknecht proved not very influential among the Social Democrats. The party's executive board met on August 3, 1914, to decide how its 110 members in the Reichstag should vote the next day on appropriations for conducting a war in which Germany would be allied with Austria-Hungary against Serbia and Russia. Twenty Social Democratic leaders were for an affirmative vote on war credits, 14 against—but they decided to voice unanimous support for the majority decision. "Considering what later proved to have been at stake—the whole future of 20th century socialism," historian J. P. Nettl commented, "the discussion was flat and brief."*

Even Eisner wrote in those first days of August 1914, "Now Czarism has attacked Germany, we have no choice, there is no looking back." Not too long afterward, he did look back and became convinced that the Russian armies had not been fully mobilized until the last day of July—four days later than he had been led to believe, and well after Germany's decision to join the conflict became irrevocable. By Easter 1917, he had had enough of the majority Socialist viewpoint and helped found the Independent Social Democratic Party to work for peace without annexation. As the war came to an end, both Socialist factions cooperated uneasily in Bavaria, designating Eisner as first chairman of the Council of Workers. In the absolute chaos of those days, a crowd marched to the Landtag building and Eisner bloodlessly proclaimed the end of the Wittelsbach dynasty and the founding of the Bavarian Republic. He became its provisional prime minister.

His leadership came under fire from all sides. The press attacked the little man from Berlin as a foreigner and a Jew and declared that he was unfit to lead Bavarian Catholics. A delegation of bourgeois Jews asked him to resign as prime minister in order not to bring harm upon the Jewish community. Later conservative Jewish leaders ran conspicuous ads condemning the Jewish revolutionaries—an attack that Ret Marut commented on with great bitterness. Although Eisner was in favor of a government developed through the new Soldiers and Workers Councils, he went along with majority Socialist demands for the election of a National Assembly, elections which Marut attacked as premature and dangerous. When they were held on January 12, 1919, Eisner suffered a disastrous defeat. Shortly afterward, he traveled to Switzerland to publicly acknowledge Germany's war guilt at a meeting of the Second International, and to Germans he became "more than ever the most cursed man in Europe." The Nazis later used Eisner's war guilt documents to "prove the betrayal of Germany by the Jews," and Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf* that "Eisner's death only hastened the development and finally led to the dictatorship of the councils, or, better expressed, to a passing role of the Jews, as had been the original aim of the instigation of the whole revolution."

When Eisner was murdered, Marut ironically noted that the Jewish revolutionary was called a "foreign despot" but that the Jewish-Italian assassin, Count Arco-Valley, was "called a part of Bavaria. In his honor, great anti-Semitic demonstrations are held, he is given all honors and the public whore [the press], knows long in advance that his sentence will be commuted probably to life imprisonment." Der Ziegelbrenner's prediction was accurate. Count Arco was released from jail on April 17, 1924. In the riotous confusion that followed Eisner's death, a Soviet Republic, opposed by the Communists, was established. There is some evidence that a few Social Democrats provoked the action, aware that a Soviet Republic

* Some German Socialists honestly believed that, as the advance guard of the European working class, it was their responsibility to fight the Czar, the most reactionary force in Europe, but the minority, with a deeper vision, understood the imperialist forces at work on all sides. This basic split on the nature of the war widened with the success of the Bolshevik Revolution. It grew to murderous proportions following World War I when the majority Social Democrats, in power and terrified at the possibility of a thorough revolution, squashed their fellow Socialists with all the arms at their command. This terrible fratricidal war strengthened the conservative forces until Hitler triumphed over them all. Despite years of common persecution, despite all the dead and buried, that basic split is still tragically reflected today in the Socialist Unity Party of East Germany.

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was doomed to failure. Landauer, Toller, Mühsam and Marut played a part in this first Red Republic.

Although Landauer, an anarcho-syndicalist, saw into the coercive nature of any state, he viewed revolution as a regenerating force and came to its support. A tall, thin, Christ-like figure, with a mild manner and soft voice, he was an authority on Shakespeare and had translated Kropotkin and Walt Whitman into German. He saw Whitman as the embodiment of the conservative and the revolutionary spirit, uniting individualism and socialism. Landauer advocated passive resistance and nonviolence, looking for cooperative enterprises on the land as the way of social change.

Landauer, a close friend of Martin Buber's, could see both the sadness and humor of his revolutionary role (qualities that also illuminate the work of his grandson, Mike Nichols, the actor and director). On a postcard bearing his own picture, he wrote to a friend: "I am now the commissar for propaganda, science, art and a few other things. If I am allowed a few weeks time I hope to accomplish something; but there is a bare possibility that it will only be a couple of days and then it will have been but a dream." During this period, Marut was Landauer's associate and developed a program for socialization of the press and indemnification of the owners.

That first Soviet government lasted six days. The majority Social Democrats who had won the January elections tried to regain power in a Palm Sunday *putsch* under the new Prime Minister Johannes Hoffmann, but failed. A governing Factory and Soldiers Council of Munich was formed and named Eugen Leviné as head. Leviné, a Communist who was a native of Russia and had participated in the 1905 Russian Revolution, later became a German citizen and served in the German Army. Defying orders from the Communist Party in Berlin, he headed the second Soviet government. When it was defeated, he was court-martialed and executed at the age of 36.

Landauer, 56, was murdered on May 2. He was dragged and kicked into a courtyard by White officers, beaten with truncheons, shot and trampled upon. Before he died, he told the soldiers, "I have not betrayed you. You don't know yourselves how terribly you have been betrayed."

His tragic death was recorded by Toller, who was arrested and sentenced to five years' imprisonment for his role as a leader of the first Soviet government and commander of the Red Army in Dachau. Toller was preparing to negotiate a surrender in Munich when he realized that White troops from Berlin had encircled the city, but after they executed some Red stretcher bearers, there were cries for revenge. Landauer and Toller tried to prevent further senseless slaughter, but the commander-in-chief of the Red Army ordered the shooting of nine dangerous political prisoners, conspirators of the right-wing Thule Society who had themselves planned an armed overthrow of the Red Republic. These "hostage murders" were the excuse for the massacre by White troops that followed.

Toller, who later became famous for his plays, committed suicide in New York in 1939 at the age of 45, in despair over the fall of Madrid and the imminence of a new world war.

A violent death was also the fate of Mühsam. Often a figure of fun in life, he died with dignity. He had been sentenced in 1919 to 15 years in jail, but was released in 1924 as part of an amnesty for political prisoners which also freed Hitler who had served only eight and a half months of the five-year term for his 1923 beer hall *putsch* in Munich. Mühsam was arrested by the Nazis the day after the Reichstag fire—February 27, 1933—and sent to the concentration camp at Oranienburg. Once described as "anarchistically overstrained," Mühsam, at a worn 56, reacted characteristically when the Nazis aimed their guns and ordered him to sing the Horst Wessel song. Although he was an anarchist and student of Tolstoy, he defiantly sang "The Internationale." The Nazis fired above his head; Mühsam collapsed in a faint. The next day, July 10, 1934, he was found murdered in what the Nazis tried to disguise as suicide.

VI.

[MARUT, WHOSE THEOLOGICAL STUDIES SOUR, DEFIES DEATH AND THE CHURCH]

IT SEEMS A MIRACLE that Ret Marut managed to escape the fate of his five comrades. He had written much that would lead the authorities to desire him dead. During World War I, he was forced to submit copy for Der Ziegelbrenner to the censors, but even so, he found ways to continue to express his opposition. Mocking the slogan of a "lively, happy war," he took aim at those who called war a "liberating blessing" and "an injection of blood and life into sleeping peoples." He could only suggest the role of the press in deliberately printing a premature story about German war mobilization that made it impossible to hold back the momentum of the war machine. He mourned "this terrible time of silence" and repeatedly asked "why the representative of God does not damn into eternity all those who make wars." He continued to drive home this basic question in nearly every novel he wrote as B. Traven.

Marut attacked the sentimentality that surrounds death in war and in life, devoting one issue in March 1918 to a long and forceful poem which he wrote, but which he disguised under the title "The Death Songs of Hyotamore von Kyrena." To outsmart the censors, Marut said they were East Indian songs at least 1000 years old. But, in fact, they expressed Marut's reaction to the war and the meaningless rituals superimposed on the stark fact of death. In later years, as B. Traven, he came to appreciate the joyful death ceremonials of the Mexican Indians which lacked the hypocrisy of European traditions.

After Marut attended funeral services for the dramatist Frank Wedekind, he wrote: "This disgusting funeral made me drive home quickly because now I know for sure that nobody will ever know when I breathe my last breath. The moment I feel my end coming, I'll immediately hide in the thickest shrubbery where no one can follow me and where I will in devotion and reverence await eternity and die without a sound, and go still and silently into the big oneness from whence I have come and I will be thankful to the Gods when the vultures and *rejected* [my italics] dogs will have eaten their fill of my body so that not even a pale bone will be left." (A "hideous" dog turns up later as the only true friend of the King in Marut's fantasy *Khundar*, and a rejected dog is the subject of one of Traven's most moving stories, "Friendship.")

Marut's "Death Songs" (*Totengesange*), like B. Traven's "The Cotton Picker's Song," have some of the brutal power of Brecht, although a great deal is inevitably lost in translation. "Why do you weep?" he demands in the "Death Songs": "Because it costs nothing, because it looks good, because it is customary . . . you are hypocrites in any case . . . the richest among you all is the dead for he has no more than he needs:

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peace. See how miserable and petty you are: you adorn the dead with flowers and twigs. Put costly clothes on them, adorn them with gold and precious stones, give them expensive coffins made of fragrant wood or silver, erect solid mausoleums although they are not cold or hungry and the rain does not make them wet. But those who are really hungry and cold and freeze before the storm sweeping across the sea, you let die in misery without caring . . ."*

Even contemplating an after-life, Marut doesn't lose his dim view of his fellow man: "The thought that I would have to meet again somewhere all the rabble that I have met quite unnecessarily here on earth would alone induce me not to die."

IN A FASCINATING 96-PAGE ISSUE of Der Ziegelbrenner, dated January 15, 1919, he revealed exactly how wartime censorship had operated. There is also an intriguing aside which refers to a man who was taking responsibility for everything Marut wrote "without batting an eye" and to that man's day-to day fear that he would end up before a firing squad.

All the disgust that had boiled within Marut during the war now erupted. From ancient times, he pointed out, the highest praise in German countries was to be considered "true and honest," but "in that country where truth is appreciated above all, no one has been so persecuted and harmed as the one who wanted and had to tell the truth because he did not want to suffocate with it." England and France permitted merciless criticism against the conduct of the war, he wrote, but none was permitted in the Reich, particularly against Field Marshal von Hindenburg and General Ludendorff, "two idols we had been told to adore."

Scorning circumlocutions like "credibility gap," Marut acidly declared: "The old Germany has not been destroyed by the overpowering might of its political enemies, not by the victory of other countries, not by the tyranny of militarism and not by its lack of food; it has died of its own lies. These lies . . . have smothered Germany and strangled it. A state which feels that it has to use such lies towards its own people in order to save its existence is ripe for destruction . . . With a great lie, the murder of all people began. This war has never been a defensive war; it was an offensive war and Germany prepared for it since the beginning of the '90s."

He cited the details of a story he had previously only hinted at and charged that the Berliner Lokalanzeiger had published an extra edition on mobilization 24 hours before a real mobilization order was issued. This story was deliberately planted in a semi-official newspaper, he declared, by those who wanted to see the failure of negotiations then underway to prevent war, and to maneuver the German government into a position from which it could not withdraw.

"If I say that the greatest rascal and liar during the war was a journalist," Marut wrote, "I do not forget to add: right after him comes the clergyman. For the representative of Christ on earth there should not be a government—Christ did not know any state, he only knew humanity, he only knew brothers, only children of God . . . But God's representatives did indeed make a difference between God's children in England, in France, in Russia and in Germany. Christ's dogma is not a national one, it is not even international, it is expressly anti-national. Nowhere does Christ say war is permissible, he does not even mention a defensive war . . . But He did say 'Put away your sword where it belongs; because he who takes up the sword shall perish by the sword' . . . How else could He have said, 'Blessed be the meek for they shall inherit the earth.'?"

Marut's pointed, satirical phrase "representative of Christ" for priests and the Pope predated its use by that other iconoclastic German writer, Rolf Hochhuth, author of "The Deputy" (*Der Stellvertreter*) who condemned the silence of Pope Pius XII in the face of Nazi persecution of the Jews. *Stellvertreter*, which can be translated as "representative" or "deputy," is not a commonly used synonym for a priest or the Pope in Germany.

In a rare reference to his own life in Der Ziegelbrenner, Marut mentioned that he left his theological studies too soon to learn the answer to his question: how could one pray on the pulpit for the victory of the German Army without having Christ descend to scourge "these damned victory-preachers out of His temple?" In fact, as he wrote in Der Ziegelbrenner, he was thrown out of the seminary,† for asking "indecent questions."

"Why," Marut wondered later, "do I occupy myself so much with Christ and his word when the teachings of Buddha are so much closer to me? Because we call ourselves Christians and of the spirit of Christ, we don't have a trace."

When the war ended, Marut wrote that the Germans would only be able to gain the confidence of other countries if "we hold judgment over ourselves with absolute honesty and merciless frankness." He even took on his share of war guilt: instead of working for peace while there was still time, he confessed that he had spent his evenings in dance halls!

He soon learned that there would be as little toleration for "merciless frankness" under the new "People's Government" in Berlin as there had been under the Kaiser's regime. "I got a People's Government," he wrote. "I got it by common law. I did not even notice it, because we only had the *right* to speak of a People's Government. We got no other rights. It has

*"The billions we spend on our dead would serve mankind better if they were spent on more hospitals, on prepaid doctors' fees, and on more research on disease. It would be more humane and surely more civilized if instead of wasting billions upon the dead, we spent that money on the living to keep them sane and healthy and so have them longer with us. Just on the flowers that are thrown to the dead, who cannot see or smell them, we could save enough money to take care of ten thousand babies every year and make their mothers happy."—*The Bridge in the Jungle* by B. Traven

† At the University of Baden, Professor Recknagel reports, there is a notation from 1903 about the expulsion of an American theology student named Charles Trefny of "St. Louis, Miss." who said he had studied at St. Xavier University in Cincinnati, Ohio, but the American school has no record of such attendance. A Joseph Trefney, 68 years old, who lives in St. Louis today, told me that his father's parents emigrated from Bohemia, in Germany, and that his father's uncle was a Catholic priest in St. Louis, Father Trefney. (However, the St. Louis Archdiocese has no record of a Father Trefney.) In Traven's *The Death Ship*, the narrator, an American sailor named Gales, tells about his hard life as a boy of seven in Chicago. Gales worked all day long as a milkman's assistant and newsboy until he "fell like a stone on the bare floor of a room on Lincoln Avenue, in which I was allowed to sleep free of charge for washing dishes at night for a German clergyman who had fled from his country on account of having, like a true gentleman, sworn falsely to save the reputation, if any, of a married jane." Traven denies that he was "Charles Trefny," but it is difficult to imagine that there were *two* theology students with shadowy American backgrounds expelled from German universities in the same period, unless he was drawing, both as Marut and Traven, on the experiences of an acquaintance. It is much more plausible to assume that Marut himself had an extensive theological education after reading his repeated references to the Bible in Der Ziegelbrenner.

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always been the same damned condition, that in Germany one always talked about the duties but never of the rights . . . particularly in the most lying of all times of history . . . Social Democracy has gone along the path which unfortunately has been trodden by every party in Germany so far which originally had revolutionary aims. This imperialistic Social Democracy would never have produced a revolution; it had long been gelded, long been rotten to the core and impotent."

VII.

[THE INDIVIDUALISTIC, ANARCHISTIC PHILOSOPHY OF THE NOVELIST BEGINS TO DEVELOP]

MARUT'S EMPHASIS ON THE WORTH of the single individual echoes the philosophy of the German individualistic anarchist Max Stirner. One of the few ads carried by Der Ziegelbrenner was for Stirner's work.

In his book *The Ego and Its Own*, Stirner rejected all political and moral ties of the individual and attacked all general concepts such as right, virtue and duty. He saw the ego not as an anti-moral force but as a philosophy for liberated individualists. Although an egoist could join a party, Stirner said, "he cannot let himself be embraced and taken up *by* the party."

Marut spoke in this vein in the speech of Der Ziegelbrenner printed on January 30, 1919, under the title "The World Revolution is Starting." "Hello, people!" he hails his audience. "Hello, men and women of the revolution! Hello! Greetings to you, brothers of the coming world republic! Greetings to you, people of the Holy World Citizenship under way! Hello, human beings—Hello! I am neither a member of the Social Democratic Party, nor am I an Independent Socialist. I am neither a member of the Spartacus Group nor am I a Bolshevik. I do not belong to any party, to any political organization, whatever kind it be; this is because neither parties nor programs, neither proclamations nor resolutions taken in meetings can save me from the world's disaster. I cannot belong to any party, because I see in membership in any party a restriction of my personal freedom, because the obligation to follow a party program takes away from me all possibility of developing into that which I consider the highest and noblest goal on earth: *to be a human being!* I do not want to be anything but a human being, just a man. And since 'man' is most important to me, I must remain indifferent to everything else; everything which does not lead me to this goal must be negligible. But such indifference must stop for me when danger lies on my path. And only *for myself* do I raise my voice. This is *My Own* cause, not yours. I am still indifferent to your cause and shall always remain so. *THE NOBLEST, PUREST AND MOST SIGNIFICANT HUMAN LOVE IS THAT TO ONESELF!* I want to be free! I myself want to be able to be glad! I am the one who wants to enjoy all beautiful things on earth. I am the one who wants to be happy. But my freedom is secure only if all other people around me are free. I can be happy *only* if all other people around me are happy, all those I see and meet look out into the world with happy eyes. And ONLY then can I enjoy eating my fill, if I feel sure that other people too are able to sate their hunger, just as I am. And therefore it is my own well-being, only my own self, for which I oppose all danger threatening my freedom and my happiness."

Marut revealed in Der Ziegelbrenner that he had warned Social Democrats as far back as 1905 that once the Social Democratic Party gained power, it would become "more brutal" than what they had already experienced under Bismarck. "I felt that Social Democracy was creating a Pope-ism worse than that of the Catholic Church . . . and that is exactly what happened . . . And we have to keep our eyes open, because the Communist Party to the left has already found its very strong successor and it could be that once arrived in power, the followers of the successor party could be persecuted by it, just as the Communists are persecuted today by the Social Democrats. To keep the political concept intact, I am so far left that my breath does not even touch that successor."

It is another subject that Traven was to pursue in his novels. "I do not want to judge," he wrote in *The Death Ship*. "Each age and each country tortures its Christians. That which was tortured yesterday is the powerful church today and a religion in decay tomorrow. The deplorable thing, the most deplorable thing, is that the people who were tortured yesterday, torture today. The Communists in Russia are no less despotic than the fascists in Italy or the textile-mill magnates in America . . ."

VIII.

[MARUT IS CAPTURED, AND HE ESCAPES]

TRAVEN JOINED WITH OTHERS for what appears to be the first and last time in his life when, as Marut, he became a member of the "Preparatory Committee to Establish a Revolutionary Tribunal" and a member of the Propaganda Committee during the first Soviet Republic, in charge of censorship of the bourgeois newspapers in Munich.

His role as a revolutionary official ended with the May Day massacre. Marut vividly described his escape from almost certain death in the December 1919 issue.

For the first time, the name of the editor is not listed and the masthead simply states: "To the subscribers he is known." The issue is "put out by an editor in flight and published by a publishing company in flight." Marut reports that his "most faithful companion" (Irene Mermet who had the title of publisher*) "without whose indefatigable activity I would be almost helpless" is being sought for treason and "is fleeing someplace to a decent foreign country that does not claim to be the freest state in the world."

He then tells what happened to him on May 1, 1919. Marut was waiting in a cafe for some other revolutionary writers when "the cars of the White Guards began to speed through the streets to free Munich from the Red terror. The White

* Professor Recknagel reports that Irene Mermet had been in a school for actors under the name of Irene Aldor in 1915. She later worked with Marut in their own publishing house, J. Mermet, which issued in 1916 a novel *An das Fraulein von S . . .* by a writer called Richard Maurhut. The writer enjoyed his little mysteries even then. As Marut, editor of Der Ziegelbrenner, he often published ads for Maurhut's novel,which dealt with a front-line soldier whose "heroism" was actually motivated by a desire for death because of an unhappy love affair. When a West Prussian newspaper expressed its suspicion that the two names belonged to one person, Marut commented: "So what? It wouldn't reflect badly on me and Ret Marut would from this moment on be the writer of one of the most wonderful books that has been written in German during the last ten years." His associate Irene also used other names: Irene Alda and Irene Mennet. There are conflicting versions about her life following their flight from Munich, and there is one unsubstantiated report of her death in 1964.

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Guards did not take the trouble to make long songs and dances. They shot immediately into the masses of people in their Sunday clothes. Immediately after that seven innocent citizens were rolling in their blood. Two died while still in the street. Some steps from the coffee house lay a well-dressed seriously wounded man. While the machine fire of the White Guards went on in a fury, M with others helped to carry the wounded into the coffee house and M left . . . He had hardly taken 100 steps—the streets were still under fire—when a car sped by loaded with about 60 infantry guns and carbines . . . [and] employees and students who had white armbands and handkerchiefs around their arms. When they saw M, the car stopped. Five men with guns around them . . . threw themselves on M. M asked what the gentlemen wished. They told him he was a member of the central committee, the destroyer of the press, the most dangerous agitator of the Council Republic, destroyer of the bourgeoisie and therefore he was to go with them. If he did not admit he carried the main blame for the bloodbath about to happen, they would make short shrift of him and shoot him. M was searched by each one of the bloodthirsty comedians for weapons, the editor of Der Ziegelbrenner searched for weapons! Of course, it is possible to look for truffles on naked roof tiles if one has nothing else to do."

Marut was thrown into a car topped with guns and faced ten pistols aimed at him. The car sped away to the howling cries of "noble freedom fighters and the saviours of the bourgeoisie." To fulfill their need for acclaim, Marut's captors stopped the car before the house of a general, stood at attention, saluted and cried loudly, "May the general live! Hooray! Hooray!" and showed him their "most dangerous" prisoner. "The general, whose presence and quiet stay in his apartment was a sufficient sign of the Bolshevik terror, called down benevolently," Marut reported. "Highly satisfied, as if each one had been promoted to Prussian non-commissioned officer, the courageous fighters for Munich's freedom sped away with their precious booty."

At the War Ministry, Marut was taken down under heavy guard and searched for weapons again. During cross-examination, Marut reports he was accused of about 20 serious crimes of high treason: inducing soldiers to rebel against officers, insulting the majority Socialist regents and advocating use of force against the legal Hoffmann government. The death sentence was to be declared immediately. "M decided he had nothing to say to that and could not possibly accept as judges these gentlemen who had taken him, a quiet walker, off the streets by force.

"When unable to get anything out of him, one of the gentlemen yelled 'confess now voluntarily or we will get witnesses and then you're done for.' Soon witnesses came who testified to everything according to their wishes . . . These witnesses also played an important role in the processes of the Bavarian kangeroo courts whose activities shall in the future be a more effective testimonial in history to the bestiality, the brutality, hypocrisy and criminality of the German bourgeoisie and the mendacity of the German Social Democrats than the war and the November lie . . ."

The field court consisted of a snappy lieutenant who took three minutes in each case to decide whether the prisoner was to be shot immediately or to be freed. In case of doubt, the prisoner was shot without an opportunity to call defense witnesses.

A tumult suddenly broke out when one man objected to his rough treatment by the soldiers, and in the disturbance Marut managed to escape. "Two soldiers who might have experienced for a minute a spark of humanity when they saw the treatment given to the most precious thing a man has—his life—were not uninvolved in the escape," Marut revealed. "Here they are thanked for the preservation of a human life. In my estimation, there are about 10,000 misguided Reichswehr officers and soldiers known by the fact that they are people and are not under the command of the German Noske. The German people don't need the Reichswehr and Germany will only have the right to say Goethe is a German when no guns, hand grenades or gas bombs can be found in Germany except perhaps in a museum."

While Marut was in flight, hunted, living in empty apartments, in shacks and in the woods, he wondered whether it might not have been better to surrender. When he considered that "the judges are not judges but cheap hangmen," he concluded that it would have been a meaningless gesture. To complete the full measure of the law's disgrace, he noted that the courts are now called "People's Courts." Later, historians were to record that the Weimar Republic failed to clean out the judiciary, and the administration of the law became one of the centers of the counterrevolution.

Marut, still hopeful for a real revolution, traveled from one village to another talking to small groups of men about the council form of government.

On January 6, 1920, Der Ziegelbrenner reported that Marut had been deprived of his home and his food card and was sought for high treason "because M has a different opinion than the Social Democrats as to what is useful to mankind." Marut and Irene would probably leave the dying city of Munich, the paper indicated, adding, "A city or country that wants to die should be allowed to die in peace. If one can, one should even speed up the process."

IX.

[IN FLIGHT, MARUT FURIOUSLY ATTACKS THE GERMAN PRESS]

IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS GRIEF, turmoil and flight, Marut took the time to present his weird and incomprehensible essay, "The Destruction of Our World Systems by the Markurve." The publication was stimulated by newspaper reports that experiments by British scientists had confirmed Einstein's theory of relativity, first announced in 1915. Marut modestly estimated that his own theory went two generations beyond Einstein's. The editor attacked mathematics as a philosophy which requires belief in straight lines, dots, circles and globes that "do not exist anywhere in the world: they can only be imagined and thought . . . just as no one can visualize infinity and God. Therefore math is working with exactly the same means as theology. Mathematics has solely imagined 'one' since there is neither 'one' present nor a 'one' imaginable. M concludes that there is no straight line, only a curve of unalterable steadiness of course. The steadiness lies between infinity and the shortest of all time periods and the curve never rests . . . Everything has the body and form of an egg . . ."

Marut wrote that he had planned to announce his philosophy at a later date but advanced publication when he read about the "great sensation Albert Einstein" in the daily press.

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The butt of Marut's attack is the Ullstein publishing house, which he had previously condemned, along with Scherl Publishers, for their war books and cheap stories "which threaten to destroy culture and good taste."

Again, a look into the future helps to explain the vehemence of Marut's repeated attacks on the press.

"The German press, especially the 'great press,' represented by the so-called liberal papers of the great publishers Ullstein and Rudolf Mosse or by the Frankfurter Zeitung, definitely lacked any sort of fighting spirit," according to Franz Schoenberner, editor of the recently deceased satirical weekly Simplicissimus. "Even in the early thirties when the simple instinct of self-preservation, if not a feeling of responsibility, should have dictated an all out offensive against the not yet insuperable forces of Nazism . . . [they] clung stubbornly to a purely suicidal conception of democratic freedom which evidently included the right of the Nazis to kill democracy . . . The deeper reason . . . was of course that every dictator, whatever his criminal record, could count upon the deep sympathy of all 'vested interests' in the world, as long as he recommended himself as a 'bulwark against the Communist danger.' "

It is dismaying to read the autobiography of Herman Ullstein, one of five brothers in the Ullstein publishing firm which was among the Jewish publishing houses the Nazis forced out of business. The firm was founded by their father, Leopold Ullstein, in 1877. "Of Jewish origin himself," writes Herman, "he had his sons brought up in the Christian faith because, as he said, the state we were destined to serve was Christian."

When in 1928, he decided "it was the duty of the Ullsteins to combat Hitler," Herman was outvoted because "the House of Ullstein could not afford to have opinions." Herman was eventually forced to leave Germany with only ten marks, but amazingly, he could still record that he felt "hopeful" about the future even after Hitler was appointed chancellor on January 30, 1933. The Nazis had ordered the newspapers to advise their readers to vote for Hitler in the March 5 election; they had ordered stories on crimes committed by Jews and they had abolished political parties. Despite all this, Ullstein wrote: "There were times, as a matter of fact, when Goering, now in charge of the press, was quite tractable and even increased our hopes of a modus vivendi. Alone among the National Socialists, he had a sense of humor . . . This led to fresh hopes that, although the newspapers in the future would have to remain uncritical, they might at least be allowed some independent existence."

To Marut, there was no mystery about why the Ullstein press had suddenly raised "Einstein to a new height in world history." Subscription prices had gone up, there was no news about war, about mass murders in Russia or its "socialization of women" and a counter-balance was needed to offset the effect of some "less savory" stories involving Jews. Marut felt that there were better ways than this to eliminate anti-Semitic pogroms. Anti-semitism would not abate, he declared, "as long as Jewish money is given freely to put down the Red Republic in Russia where Jewish pogroms can't happen; as long as Jewish money is given away in Germany to prevent by all means recognition of humanity and love of peace . . ." Querulously, he demanded: "If a new great of world history would be a non-Jew for a change and by coincidence one who is tolerated by the whores because they need subscriptions, would the pimps sacrifice the whole front page? But it's all right: the biggest honor really is to be ignored by the press . . . Oh, you German-speaking people! A pimp [newspaperman] said: 'We may have lost the war but German science is celebrating its highest triumph' . . . In that phrase . . . lies the whole misery of today's life, the whole distress in which humanity is thrown through the press . . . It's the misery of the soul and humanity, the destruction of mankind, that is what makes one sad or fills one with furious rebellion. I choose the latter."

X.

[A REBELLION MUTED IN LYRIC FANTASY]

A FEW MONTHS LATER, Marut's "furious rebellion" was muted into an elegiac tone with the publication of his lyric fantasy *Khundar* in Der Ziegelbrenner. It was Marut's formal envoi to Germany, written for the Germans "in a time of tears" when "dark forces" again began to judge and rule the land. The poet and singer Khundar reflects Marut's own complex feelings, poignantly split between his rejection by the Germans and his rejection of them. Perhaps he sees himself as their saviour when he watches the mythical King's funeral and asks, "Doesn't he have a son to follow him?" It is in the plaintive, tender key touched once before when Marut wrote about the emperor and the playwright and it again raises the question of whether Marut knew for a certainty that the Kaiser was his father.

As Khundar watched the King's funeral, he heard the muffled echo of the kettledrums. A page carried the King's crown on his pillow and the people said: "He gave the heavy crown away when the people were hungry and he said: 'It's better to save a person than to have gold and valuables.'

"Then another page came. He carried a scepter on his pillow. It was made of ash, carved by a charcoal burner. And the king had spoken to him: 'You are a person, charcoal burner, and I am a person, good as you are and bad as you are. Why should I carry the sign of a judge in my hands—no person on earth can be judge over another person. How could I do justice to people with power, the executioner's axe and the hangman's noose? If you have a battle about your land, I will measure and balance and give my decision. But those who have an official position in this land are stronger than I am and they don't act this way because they are full of greed.' "

In the procession, no one was as sad as a hideous dog, the King's favorite, who broke loose from his leash and jumped into the funeral pyre . . . "and they left the dog because no one else had acted like the dog and still every one of the people said they had loved the king."

Khundar stayed at the rear of the procession with sad eyes and drooping, grieving shoulders until he met an old man to whom he exclaimed, "That is a king's funeral! Oh that is a king's death! But isn't it as though only business men were together who had brought off a deal, punctually and honestly and with net profit? And no one cries. And I am a foreigner here and it touches me. Didn't the king deserve one single friend to cry over him?

"Then the old man said: 'A king has always deserved a friend, but has a king ever had a friend? Has a friend ever cried over a king? Maybe the stable man because he gave him a good salary and now he has to collect!'

"Then Khundar said: 'Not one friend, in life not one friend and yet a king! I also have no friend. I am all alone . . .' "

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"Doesn't he have a son to follow him?" asks Khundar.

"And if he had one, wouldn't the son laugh because his father died and he is the heir? The dog cried because of the man; not the son, not the friend and not the wife," said the old man.

Khundar meets a young woman who is now ruler of the land. She appears to symbolize Germany and she falls in love with Khundar. The old man tells him that she is having a child, "cutting this child herself out of her own heart."

"Out of her own heart? Out of her own heart?" said Khundar amazed. "What pain she must suffer!"

"Oh, what pain a person suffers when he realizes he is a person among those who are not people," said the old man.

Marut begins to exorcise his own pain as the poetic fantasy proceeds, although Khundar says that his heart is dead and his soul is empty: "My thoughts are wandering through far worlds past eternities and I stand in the midst of them. Oh soul, my soul, how you search. Do you search a second soul to be complete in all eternity?"

The man who forever searches for his second soul is also attuned to the soul in lifeless things. Khundar's sensitivity to the life in a piece of iron or the song of a bird as he makes his final journey through the land reappears in a variety of situations in Traven's novels. When Khundar and the Queen pause at a smithy's shop, there is a human quality to the rebellious iron "red with anger" because "it wants to stay what it was and didn't want to become what the blacksmith forced it to become." The iron is one of many "apparently lifeless things" which "really have souls like humans."

The blacksmith refuses to take the Queen's emerald because he can't eat it or drink it. This foreshadows Traven's emphasis on the soil as the eternal verity of man's life—for the basic sustenance it provides, not for its gold (*The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*) or its oil (*Rosa Blanca*).

When the Queen asks Khundar, "Why do you sing your most beautiful songs and never ask who listens and who carries them further?" Khundar tells her to "ask the blackbird why he sings and why he doesn't care if you listen or not." Traven's Doc Cranwell in *The Night Visitor* is in the blackbird's tradition—he wrote his books in the jungle for the pleasure of writing and then destroyed them. "Fame," says the doc, "is the bunk."

And *Khundar* contains an indication of Traven's attitude to the revelation of his life story: "A big book mounted with silver and locked with a narrow bolt . . . followed the dead king and should be burned with him. In it, he had written down every day of his life everything he had thought, everything he had done and what he had seen and no person should know what the king had written in his lonely hours. And that book was now carried with him to the grave."

The woman who loves Khundar is eager to hear his words and she asks him to talk to her of "wisdom, truth and love," but he does not reply. "His eyes were turned away from everything that connected him with the earth, deep in thought about the salvation of humanity which is born in the heart and far from the noise of the world."

She finally embraces him and dies and Khundar walks through the city where the people are searching for their Queen. In the sunset, he sees the King's castle collapse and turn "once again to the stone of which it was built, but stones will talk where the hearts of the people bleed. Salvation will come to the people through tears and much pain and much sorrow. Salvation will come through questions and searching and wandering! Therefore, let us go wandering only where there is truth, wisdom, salvation and light.

"And when he had so spoken, he left from there into a far country that same evening."

XI.

[THE JOURNEY TO "A FAR COUNTRY"]

ON THE JOURNEY TO THAT FAR COUNTRY of Mexico, the man Khundar, the man Marut, disappeared, cutting forever his ties to Europe, and a writer named B. Traven made his appearance on the world's literary scene. There are paradoxes, more mysteries and many adventures in the life that followed.

When Traven wrote, "An unanswered question flutters about you for the rest of your life," I believe he was saying that the mystery of his birth would plague him forever. All else that is unknown in his 85 years is peripheral. In his novel of 1916, *An das Fraulein von S . . .*, the soldier at the front says, "I have only one thought. What do I care about life and country? What is the world to me? And what is the war to me and the stormy awakening of an entire people to a united, mighty will? For I am alone, all alone, so alone and lonely as only a human can be who suddenly awakens and, as if enlightened, perceives that nobody on earth, not one human being, not even his mother, is related to him in his deepest existence, that love and faith are nothing more than pure egoism."

I wonder: did a lonely child wake up one dark night and invent a friend to comfort him, someone to whom he could tell the deepest secrets of his heart? Ret Marut/Richard Maurhut. Hal Croves/B. Traven. Was the iconoclastic theological student named Charles Trefny? How does a sensitive, imaginative youth protect himself when he has to bring the nonexistent documents of his life to school, the police and the issuers of passports? What defenses does he develop to maintain his dignity and privacy? What indeed if the young rebel learns—true or false—that he is the son of the man whose system he rebels against? To cover hurt and insecurity, can he only loudly declare that he "does not give a damn" for the opinions of others? Vulnerable, he writes, "I am invulnerable. Because what I do is law, because I do it. I'm the judge regarding my actions. No one else."

In the final analysis, B. Traven is right: all that matters is the truth or the falsity in his work and in his work, as we shall see, he strives to tell the truth. It was not B. Traven who sought out the press, it was the press who searched for him. But it is the people who care about his value as a writer who want to learn more about him as a human being. When Stern magazine asked the Kaiser's grandson, Prince Louis Ferdinand, the head of the House of Hohenzollern, about B. Traven, he coldly replied: "I consider the entire matter closed." If Traven is indeed a Hohenzollern, may I suggest it is for *them* to take pride in the relationship, but only for that final truth expressed in *Khundar*: "The king is a human being! The human being is king!"

Judy Stone, who edits the daily music, art and drama section of the San Francisco Chronicle, has spent a year on intensive study into the mystery of B. Traven. Her conversations with him (alias Hal Croves) will appear in the October issue.

Translations by Catherine Alberdingk Thym, Federico Benemann and Brigitte Powell—Dutch, German and Swiss respectively.

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The Radical Philosophy

One can't export revolutions like Cadillacs or Communism

THE FATE OF Régis Debray is still undecided. At this writing, the brilliant 26-year-old French philosopher-journalist remains enigmatically locked in a Bolivian prison. Although he arrived in the country several months ago on assignment from the Mexican monthly Sucesos and the French publishing house of Maspéro, he is now facing trial by a military tribunal on charges of having fought with the pro-Castro guerrillas in Bolivia's rugged southern jungle. The case has become an international *cause célèbre:* scores of writers and artists in France, Italy and the United States have signed petitions and joined demonstrations on Debray's behalf, demanding that he be given counsel and a civil trial, and defending his right to cover the guerrilla war as a journalist. One statement, signed by journalists and photographers from Le Figaro, Le Monde and other principal French newspapers, made the interesting point that in the world of the '60s, "one must admit the legal existence of *guerrilla correspondents*, who must obviously be granted the same status as war correspondents." Less publicly, General de Gaulle and the Pope have put pressure on Bolivian authorities. Yet when Debray's French publisher went to Bolivia several weeks ago as part of an international defense committee, he was forced to leave the country.

Debray's condition has been shrouded in mystery ever since last April 20, when he was arrested in the village of Muyumpampa in the company of two other journalists. According to Le Monde, he had gone there from guerrilla territory, unarmed and in civilian clothes, to find medical supplies. Reports in the French and Latin American press say that Debray was tortured after his arrest, and at one point was secretly flown to Panama for interrogation by CIA agents on the activities of Che Guevara, who is reported to have fought with the Bolivian guerrillas and whom Debray says he has interviewed. American intelligence would desperately like to know the whereabouts of the elusive Guevara. Reports say an American military helicopter was seen picking up someone from the jail where Debray was taken after his arrest. And a Uruguayan journalist has reported that members of the U.S. military mission attended Debray's initial court appearance in La Paz. But none of this can be confirmed: Debray was held incommunicado for two months, and the few visitors to his prison allowed since then could see him only briefly and in the presence of Bolivian Army officers.

The son of a wealthy lawyer and a Paris city councilwoman, Debray won top academic honors throughout his schooling. Known as one of France's most brilliant young intellectuals, Debray is an alumnus of the elite *Ecole Normale Supérieure* and holds the degree of *Agrégé de Philosophie*. At one time deeply interested in jazz and the modern French cinema, he turned to politics after reading an article about the tortures French troops were imposing in Algeria.

The disaffection of youth is the first malady suffered by all empires in decline; the Algerian war was for young Frenchmen of the late '50s much the same moral crisis that Vietnam is for their American counterparts today. Debray's life can be read as an endeavor to solve the problem of being a white European in a predominantly dark-skinned and increasingly revolutionary world. His first political act was to join with fellow students in a pledge not to fight in Algeria.

Debray's sympathies were always with the left, but the ossified bureaucracy of the French Communist Party had little allure for him. He went several times to Cuba, taught at the University of Havana, spent time with and became close to Castro, and turned his political passion towards Latin America. His intellectual reputation rests largely on his recent book, *Revolution in the Revolution?* The slim volume is not easy reading; it is essentially a textbook for Latin American revolutionaries. In it Debray argues that the classic Marxian theories of revolution and guerrilla warfare must be changed and updated for Latin America. The old Soviet and Chinese models will not do. He discusses the roving guerrilla bands, dependent on local peasants and mobile enough to outwit an enemy stronger in conventional arms.

Peasant guerrilla movements like Castro's are clearly the way revolution will come to Latin America, Africa and Asia during this decade and the next. Debray's intellectual importance stems from his being one of the few major theorists, aside from Che Guevara and a few others, to analyze what seems to be becoming the Third World's dominant pattern of social revolution. Guerrilla insurrections are already in process in Bolivia and Guatemala and are beginning in several other Latin American countries. And warfare of a similar nature is going on in the Portuguese colonies in Africa. This is the century of the guerrilla, but here, as in so many other ways, the traditional communist theoreticians have been left behind. Debray's uniqueness is that he goes beyond the Soviet and Chinese theories on how popular revolution must take place, and says that since true revolution cannot be exported, each country must find its own way.

He argues that there should be no party pulling the strings behind a guerrilla movement, since the guerrillas themselves are their *own* party, their own revolution in embryo. Debray points to Algeria to show how troubles occur when a country's government is split between the guerrillas who fought for its

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# of Régis Debray:

independence and the professional politicians and soldiers who remained outside it during the years of warfare. There is a certain coldness in his theorizing, and one wishes he had said more about the Latin zest and spirit that has made today's Cuba somehow a more open and human place than post-revolutionary China or Russia. And about the civil liberties all three of these societies lack. But guerrilla warfare is a grim business, and perhaps we cannot complain if its theorists are businesslike.

When he was about 20, Debray was deeply influenced by a piece of writing by Jean-Paul Sartre, in which the philosopher asked what men of his generation had to say to the French youth of the '60s: "Let us tell them, be Cubans . . . be Chinese, follow your taste, be Africans. They will reply that it is too late to change one's heritage." Régis Debray could not change the land of his birth, but he became "Cuban" in thought with all the intensity with which some of his American contemporaries marched at Selma or registered Negro voters in Mississippi. Perhaps also, like them, he felt the hidden, despairing knowledge that you can never fully change your race, class or nationality.

It is curious that it is Debray who has become a martyr. The dozens of distinguished intellectuals who have signed petitions about his case have had little to say about the hundreds of guerrillas and innocent persons tortured to death in Bolivia and other Latin American countries. Clearly the reasons why Debray has caught the imagination of intellectuals in Europe do not have to do with his rights as a non-belligerent journalist covering the war, but rather with his identification with the guerrillas. People become martyrs when they come to symbolize something, and the image of Debray offers something comforting to Europeans and to Americans who know their countries have been caught on the wrong side of a world revolution. The white American college students from middle class families who went South as civil rights workers also became martyrs when they suffered or died, while the real sufferers, the Negroes who lived in the South, did not. Remember Michael Schwerner? Andrew Goodman? Viola Liuzzo? But who remembers the untold hundreds of Negroes who died in the same cause? We who ourselves sympathize with Debray now may also consider ourselves revolutionaries; but we are still too ethnocentric to mourn with equal ardor for some nameless murdered Bolivian peasant. A curious thing, martyrdom.

But still, there is something immensely moving about a young European, someone from our own culture, who can attempt the leap to the other side of the revolution. And one senses that it is just this that the Bolivians find so immensely threatening, much as white Mississippians felt more threatened by those white college kids coming down from the North than by their "own" rebellious Negroes. "Régis Debray is an adventurer," angrily declared Bolivia's President, General René Barrientos Ortuño, after the arrest, "and it is in Bolivia that his adventures will stop." Debray's life is at stake.

The Debray case is replete with irony. Some Bolivians have accused him of being a "political commissar" among the guerrillas; yet Debray has written that Latin American revolutionaries cannot afford the burdensome old communist superstructure of commissars and party theoreticians. General Barrientos has accused Debray of "foreign interference in Bolivian internal affairs"; yet the basic assumption of Debray's writing is that revolution can't be exported or imported, and that Latin America's peasant guerrillas must be mobile and self-sufficient, depending little on help from outside their territories and still less on aid from abroad. General Barrientos himself recently requested large scale foreign interference in Bolivian affairs when he asked Argentina for troops to help his faltering war against the guerrillas. Argentina reportedly already sends military supplies to Bolivia, and an expanding American military mission from the U.S. Army's Latin American headquarters in Panama is busily training Bolivian soldiers in counter-insurgency warfare. Like the citizens of Orwell's *Animal Farm*, some "foreign interferers" in Bolivia's internal affairs are evidently less foreign than others.

Debray's arrest comes at a time when guerrilla activity, and U.S. attempts to quash it, are increasing throughout Latin America. A case study of one country where this is going on, Guatemala, begins on page 56. The Debray case also comes in the midst of growing realization by Latin American moderates that sometimes guerrilla warfare is the only way people can find political justice. In mid-July, the ruling Christian Democratic Party of Chile, much to the dismay of the United States, passed a resolution saying that guerrilla warfare is justified against governments that "ignore the people's rights and offer no electoral solutions."

One country rather short on "electoral solutions" is Bolivia, where Barrientos came to power through an Army-led coup.

There is no better creator of revolutionary movements than autocratic generals; Barrientos' government is tottering and corrupt and the guerrillas daily become stronger. The war remains strangely underreported in the American press, although Castro rates Bolivia's as the strongest guerrilla movement in South America, and French press reports say the movement controls nearly 100 square miles of territory. Bolivia is in trouble in other ways too: in June, Army troops occupied several towns declared "free territories" by striking tin miners; nearly 100 soldiers and miners were killed or wounded in the fighting.

Barrientos now badly needs a scapegoat. The morale of his Army is lagging as it continues its indecisive struggle against the guerrillas in Bolivia's southern jungles and the rebellious tin miners in the Andean *cordillera*. Barrientos also wants to make an example of Debray to the restless university students of La Paz, who have demonstrated in the streets against the government while Debray is in jail. Ideas can be dangerous, and Debray has a following among the Bolivian students. "When General Barrientos talks furiously of shooting Régis Debray," wrote the Paris weekly, Le Nouvel Observateur, "he wants to shoot an idea: revolution in Latin America."

Sartre summed up the situation at a Paris protest rally: "Régis Debray was arrested by the Bolivian authorities not for having participated in guerrilla activities, but for having written a book." Selections from *Revolution in the Revolution?* follow.

—Adam Hochschild

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Excerpts from *Révolution dans la Révolution?* by Régis Debray

WE ARE NEVER COMPLETELY contemporaneous with our present. History advances in disguise; it appears on stage wearing the mask of the preceding scene, and we tend to lose the meaning of the play. Each time the curtain rises, continuity has to be reestablished. The blame, of course, is not history's, but lies in our vision, encumbered with memory and images learned in the past. We see the past superimposed on the present, even when the present is a revolution.

The impact of the Cuban Revolution has been experienced and pondered, principally in Latin America, by methods and schemas already catalogued, enthroned, and consecrated by history. This is why, in spite of all the commotion it has provoked, the shock has been softened. Today the tumult has died down; Cuba's real significance and the scope of its lessons, which had been overlooked before, are being discovered. A new conception of guerrilla warfare is coming to light.

Among other things, Cuba remembered from the beginning that the socialist revolution is the result of an armed struggle against the armed power of the bourgeois state. This old historic law, of a strategic nature if you like, was at first given a known tactical content. One began by identifying the guerrilla struggle with insurrection because the archetype—1917—had taken this form, and because Lenin and later Stalin had developed several theoretical formulas based on it—formulas which have nothing to do with the present situation and which are periodically debated in vain, such as those which refer to conditions for the outbreak of an insurrection, meaning an immediate assault on the central power. But this disparity soon became evident. American guerrilla warfare was next virtually identified with Asian guerrilla warfare, since both are "irregular" wars of encirclement of cities from the countryside. This confusion is even more dangerous than the first.

The armed revolutionary struggle encounters specific conditions on each continent, in each country, but these are neither "natural" nor obvious. So true is this that in each case years of sacrifice are necessary in order to discover and acquire an awareness of them. The Russian Social Democrats instinctively thought in terms of repeating the Paris Commune in Petrograd; the Chinese Communists in terms of repeating the Russian October in the Canton of the '20s; and the Vietnamese comrades, a year after the foundation of their party, in terms of organizing insurrections of peasant soviets in the northern part of their country. It is now clear to us today that soviet-type insurrections could not triumph in prewar colonial Asia, but it was precisely here that the most genuine communist activists had to begin their apprenticeship for victory.

One may well consider it a stroke of good luck that Fidel had not read the military writings of Mao Tse-tung before disembarking on the coast of Oriente: he could thus invent, on the spot and out of his own experience, principles of a military doctrine in conformity with the terrain.... But once again in Latin America, militants are reading Fidel's speeches and Che Guevara's writings with eyes that have already read Mao on the anti-Japanese war, Giap, and certain texts of Lenin—and they think they recognize the latter in the former. Classical visual superimposition, but dangerous, since the Latin American revolutionary war possesses highly special and profoundly distinct conditions of development, which can only be discovered through a particular experience. In that sense, all the theoretical works on people's war do as much harm as good. They have been called the grammar books of the war. But a foreign language is learned faster in a country where it must be spoken than at home studying a language manual.

THE LATIN AMERICAN REVOLUTION and its vanguard, the Cuban revolution, have . . . made a decisive contribution to international revolutionary experience . . .

Under certain conditions, the political and the military are not separate, but form one organic whole, consisting of the people's army, whose nucleus is the guerrilla army. The vanguard party can exist in the form of the guerrilla foco *itself. The guerrilla force is the party in embryo.*

This is the staggering novelty introduced by the Cuban Revolution. . . .

Thus ends a divorce of several decades' duration between Marxist theory and revolutionary practice. As tentative and tenuous as the reconciliation may appear, it is the guerrilla movement—master of its own political leadership—that embodies it, this handful of men "with no other alternative but

Portrait of Debray by Dugald Stermer

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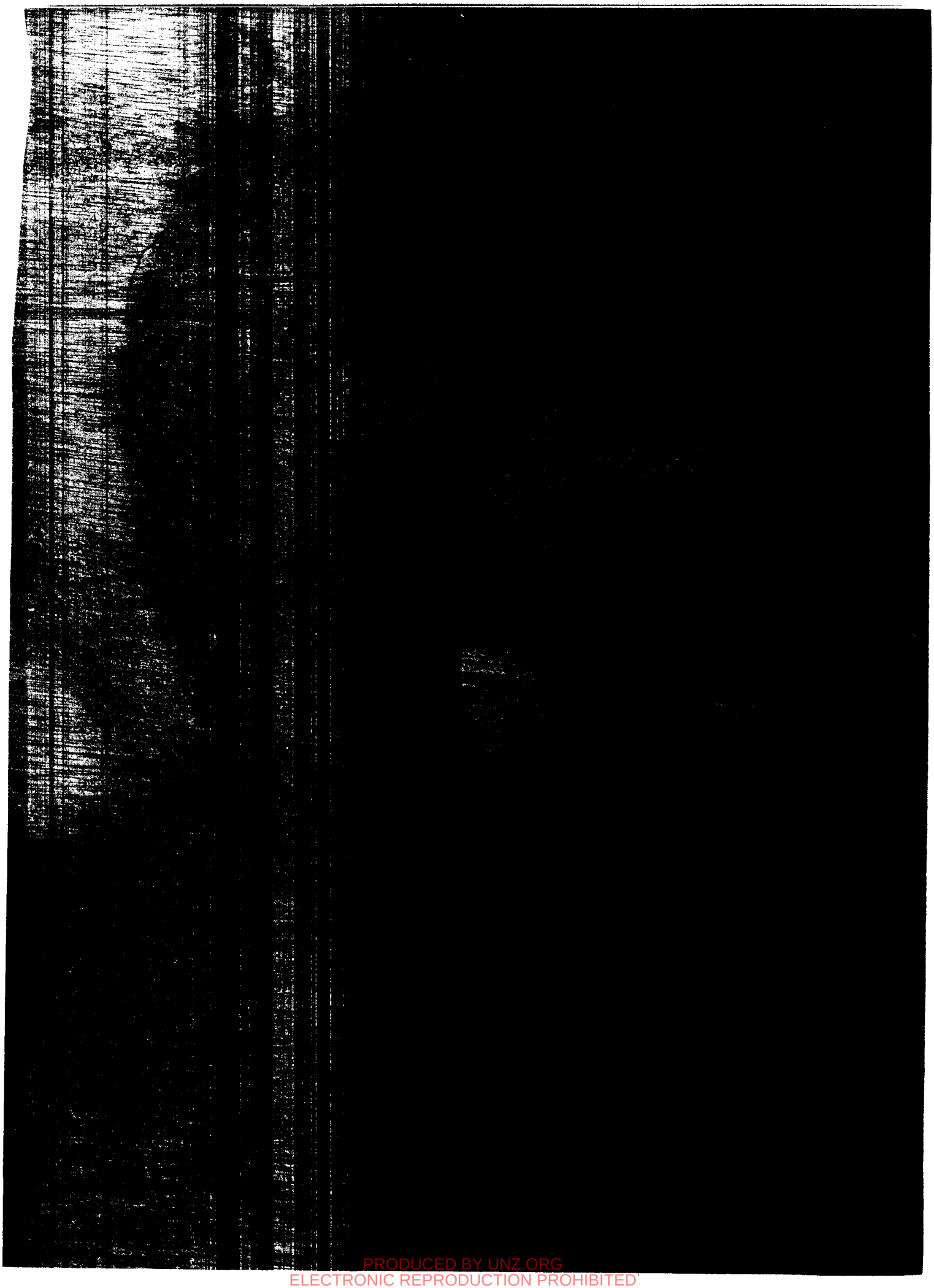

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death or victory, at moments when death was a concept a thousand times more real, and victory a myth that only a revolutionary can dream of"(Che). These men may die, but others will replace them. Risks must be taken. The union of theory and practice is not an inevitability but a battle, and no battle is won in advance. If this union is not achieved there, it will not be achieved anywhere.

The guerrilla force, if it genuinely seeks total political warfare, cannot in the long run tolerate any fundamental duality of functions or powers. Che Guevara carries the idea of unity so far that he proposes that the military and political leaders who lead insurrectional struggles in America be "united, if possible, in one person." But whether it is an individual, as with Fidel, or collective, the important thing is that the leadership be homogeneous, political and military simultaneously. Career soldiers can, in the process of the people's war, become political leaders (Luis Turcios, for example, had he lived); militant political leaders can become military leaders, learning the art of war by making it (Douglas Bravo, for example).

In any case, it is necessary that they be able to make it. *A guerrilla force cannot develop on the military level if it does not become a political vanguard.* As long as it does not work out its own line, as long as it remains a pressure group or a device for creating a political diversion, it is fruitlessly marking time, however successful its partial actions may be. How can it take the initiative? On what will it build its morale? Do we perhaps believe that it will go "too far" if it is allowed to become the catalyst for popular aspirations and energies, which will *ipso facto* transform it into a directive force? Precisely because it is a mass struggle—the most radical of all—the guerrilla movement, if it is to triumph *militarily*, must *politically* assemble around it the majority of the exploited classes. Victory is impossible without their active and organized participation, since it is the general strike or generalized urban insurrection that will give the *coup de grâce* to the regime and will defeat its final maneuvers—a last-minute *coup d'état*, a new junta, elections—by extending the struggle throughout the country. But in order to reach that point, must there not be a long and patient effort by the mountain forces to coordinate all forms of struggle, eventually to coordinate action by the militia with that of the regular forces, to coordinate rearguard sabotage by the suburban guerrillas with operations carried out by the principal guerrilla group? And, beyond the armed struggle, must there not be an effort to play an ever larger role in the country's civilian life? Whence the importance of a radio transmitter at the disposition of the guerrilla forces. The radio permits headquarters to establish daily contact with the population residing outside the zone of operations. Thus the latter can receive political instructions and orientation which, as military successes increase, find an ever-increasing echo. In Cuba *Radio Rebelde*, which began transmitting in 1958, was frequently utilized by Fidel, and confirmed the role of the Rebel Army's General Staff as the directive force of the revolutionary movement. Increasingly, everyone—from Catholics to communists—looked to the Sierra, tuned in to get reliable news, to know "what to do" and "where the action is." Clandestinity became public. As revolutionary methods and goals became more radical, so did the people. After Batista's flight, Fidel broadcast his denunciation of the maneuvers for a *coup d'état* in the capital, thus depriving the ruling class in a matter of minutes of its last card, and sealing the ultimate victory. Even before victory, the radio broke through government censorship on military operations, a censorship such as prevails today in all embattled countries. It is by means of radio that the guerrillas force the doors of truth and open them wide to the entire populace, especially if they follow the ethical precepts that guided *Radio Rebelde*—never broadcast inaccurate news, never conceal a defeat, never exaggerate a victory. In short, radio produces a qualitative change in the guerrilla movement. This explains the muffled or open resistance which certain party leaders offer today to the guerrilla movement's use of this propaganda medium.

Thus, in order for the small motor really to set the big motor of the masses into motion, without which its activity will remain limited, it must first be recognized by the masses as their only interpreter and guide, under penalty of dividing and weakening the people's strength. In order to bring about this recognition, the guerrillas must assume all the functions of political and military authority. Any guerrilla movement in Latin America that wishes to pursue the people's war to the end, transforming itself if necessary into a regular army and beginning a war of movement and positions, must become the unchallenged political vanguard, with the essential elements of its leadership being incorporated in the military command. . . .

WE HAVE ONLY TO OBSERVE the difficulties in which Algeria finds itself today, because of yesterday's division between the internal fighters and their government outside the country. There is no better example of the risks implicit in the separation of military and political functions when there is no Marxist vanguard party. Thus it is the revolutionary civil war that strengthens the historic agencies of the new society. Lenin, in his last notes, wrote that "the civil war has *welded* together the working class and the peasantry, and this is the *guarantee of an invincible strength.*"*

In the mountains, then, workers, peasants, and intellectuals meet for the first time. Their integration is not so easy at the beginning. Just as there are divisions into classes elsewhere, groups can arise even in the midst of an encampment. The peasants, especially if they are of Indian origin, stay to themselves and speak their own language (Quechua or Cakchiquel), among themselves. The others, those who know how to write and speak well, spontaneously create their own circle. Mistrust, timidity, custom have to be gradually vanquished by means of untiring political work, in which the leaders set the example. These men all have something to learn from each other, beginning with their differences. Since they must all adapt themselves to the same conditions of life, and since they are all participating in the same undertaking, they adapt to each other. Slowly the shared existence, the combats, the hardships endured together, weld an alliance having the simple force of friendship. Furthermore the first law of guerrilla life is that no one survives it alone. The group's interest is the interest of each one, and vice versa. To live and conquer is to live and conquer all together. If a single combatant lags behind a marching column, it affects the speed and security of the entire column. In the rear is the enemy: impossible to leave the comrade behind or send him home. It is up to everyone, then,

* Draft of a speech (not delivered) for the Tenth Congress of Russian Soviets, December 1922. Lenin's emphasis.

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to share the burden, lighten his knapsack or cartridge-case, and help him all the way. Under these conditions class egoism does not long endure. Petty bourgeois psychology melts like snow under the summer sun, undermining the ideology of the same stratum. Where else could such an encounter, such an alliance, take place? By the same token, the only conceivable line for a guerrilla group to adopt is the "mass line"; it can live only with their support, in daily contact with them. Bureaucratic faintheartedness becomes irrelevant. Is this not the best education for a future socialist leader . . .? Revolutionaries make revolutionary civil wars; but to an even greater extent it is revolutionary civil war that makes revolutionaries.

Lenin wrote: "The civil war has educated and tempered (Denikin and the others are good *teachers*; they have taught well; *all our best militants have been in the army*)."*

The best teacher of Marxism-Leninism is the enemy, in face-to-face confrontation during the people's war. Study and apprenticeship are necessary but not decisive. There are no academy-trained cadres. One cannot claim to train revolutionary cadres in theoretical schools detached from instructional work and common combat experiences. To think otherwise would be justifiable naiveté in Western Europe; elsewhere it is unpardonable nonsense.

The guerrilla group's exercise of, or commitment to establish, a political leadership is even more clearly revealed when it organizes its first liberated zone. It then tries out and tests tomorrow's revolutionary measures (as on the Second Front in Oriente): agrarian reform, peasant congresses, levying of taxes, revolutionary tribunals, the discipline of collective life. The liberated zone becomes the prototype and the model for the future state, its administrators the models for future leaders of state. Who but a popular armed force can carry through such socialist "rehearsals"?. . .

Here the political word is abruptly made flesh. The revolutionary ideal emerges from the gray shadow of formula and acquires substance in the full light of day. This transubstantiation comes as a surprise, and when those who have experienced it want to describe it—in China, in Vietnam, in Cuba, in many places—they resort not to words but to exclamations:

"The renovating spirit, the longing for collective excellence, the awareness of a higher destiny are in full flower and can develop considerably further. We had heard of these things, which had a flavor of verbal abstraction, and we accepted their beautiful meaning, but now we are living it, we are experiencing it in every sense, and it is truly unique. We have seen its incredible development in this Sierra, which is our small universe. Here the word "people," which is so often utilized in a vague and confused sense, becomes a living, wonderful and dazzling reality. *Now* I know who the people are: I see them in that invincible force that surrounds us everywhere, I see them in the bands of 30 or 40 men, lighting their way with lanterns, who descend the muddy slopes at two or three in the morning, with 30 kilos on their backs, in order to supply us with food. Who has organized them so wonderfully? Where did they acquire so much ability, astuteness, courage, self-sacrifice? No one knows! It is almost a mystery! They organize themselves all alone, spontaneously! When weary animals drop to the ground, unable to go further, men appear from all directions and carry the goods. Force cannot defeat them. It would be necessary to kill them all, to the last peasant, and that is impossible; this, the dictatorship cannot do; the people are aware of it and are daily more aware of their own growing strength."†

All these factors, operating together, gave shape to a strange band which was made to appear picturesque by certain photographs and which, because of our stupidity, impressed us only through the attire and long beards of its members. These are the militants of our time, not martyrs, not functionaries, but fighters. Neither creatures of an apparatus nor potentates: at this stage, they themselves are the apparatus. Aggressive men, especially in retreat. Resolute and responsible, each of them knowing the meaning and goal of this armed class struggle through its leaders, fighters like themselves whom they see daily carrying the same packs on their backs, suffering the same blistered feet and the same thirst during a march. The blase will smile at this vision *à la Rousseau*. We need not point out here that it is not love of nature nor the pursuit of happiness which brought them to the mountain, but the awareness of a historic necessity. Power is seized and held in the capital, but the road that leads the exploited to it must pass through the countryside. Need we recall that war and military discipline are characterized by rigors unknown to the *Social Contract*? This is even truer for guerrilla armies than for regular armies. Today some of these groups have disappeared before assuming a vanguard role, having retreated or suffered liquidation. In a struggle of this kind, which involves such grave risks and is still only in the process of taking its first faltering steps, such defeats are normal. Other groups, the most important ones operating in countries whose history proves their importance for all Latin America—Venezuela, Guatemala, Colombia—have established themselves and are moving ahead. It is there, in such countries as these, that history is on the march today. Tomorrow other countries will join and supersede them in the vanguard role.

Has it been noted that nearly all of these guerrilla movements neither have nor want political commissars? The majority of the fighters come from communist ranks. These are the first socialist guerrilla forces that have not adopted the system of political commissars, a system which does not appear to correspond to the Latin American reality.

If what we have said makes any sense at all, this absence of specialists in political affairs has the effect of sanctioning the absence of specialists in military affairs. The people's army is its own political authority. The *guerrilleros* play both roles, indivisibly. Its commanders are political instructors for the fighters, its political instructors are its commanders.

* *Ibid.* Lenin's emphasis.

† From Fidel Castro's last letter to Frank País, written in the Sierra Maestra, July 21, 1957. The same wonderment is expressed today in the letters of Turcios, Douglas Bravo, Camilo Torres, and others. Of course this does not mean that it is easy to obtain peasant support immediately; but when it is obtained, it performs wonders. Fidel wrote the letter after eight months in the Sierra and after having escaped betrayal by several peasants.

Régis Debray's Révolution dans la Révolution? *was first published early this year in Havana and Paris. The selections here are from the American edition, published by the Monthly Review Press. The entire text also appears in the July-August issue of the Monthly Review magazine. It is translated from the author's French and Spanish by Bobbye Ortis.* *Copyright ©1967 by Monthly Review Press; reprinted by permission.*

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With the Guerrillas in Guatemala

Photograph of Guatemalan guerrillas by the author

CÉSAR MONTES, THE LEADER of one of the two principal guerrilla groups operating in the Guatemalan countryside, unfolded an Esso map of his country. He was standing in a jungle clearing. "See here?" he said. "This is where the guerrillas started, in the Sierra de las Minas. Later they spread to the north—to the Vera Paces, the Indian regions, and then into the low lands—Rio Hondo, La Palma, San Cristóbal, Rosario, Gualán, San Agustín, and Teculután. For some time now we have also been operating in the western region, the most densely populated Indian areas. Half the people in Guatemala are Indians, and you can be sure they will play a decisive role in our revolution. But it is a slow and difficult job. We are faced with four centuries of distrust which the Indians have had for the whites and the mestizos." Montes proudly pointed out several Indian guerrillas in his encampment, and added that they were devoted Catholics.

It seemed fitting that Montes was using an Esso road map to explain the whereabouts of the Guatemalan guerrillas. Although he had personally learned the art of warfare by actual fighting, a number of other guerrilla leaders had been taught by U.S. Army officers. Luis Augusto Turcios, a former commander of Montes' FAR (*Fuerzas Armadas Revolucionarias*) who was recently killed in an automobile accident at the age of 24, had been trained at the Army Ranger school at Fort Benning, Georgia. Yon Sosa, the commander of the other guerrilla group, MR-13, which controls part of Izabal in northeastern Guatemala, learned guerrilla warfare from U.S. instructors at Fort Gulick in the Panama Canal Zone.

But, of course, what the American military is trying to do is not to train the guerrillas themselves, but the people trying to suppress them. Even more so than with other Latin American countries, the U.S. is quietly pouring arms, money and "advisors" into the anti-guerrilla effort in Guatemala. It is an involvement beginning to look ominously like the U.S. presence in South Vietnam in the years before American combat troops arrived there. The war is no longer just Guatemala's.

Just what the extent of American military involvement is, no one knows for sure. Many Guatemalan officers have been trained by the U.S. Army at bases in the Canal Zone and in the U.S. itself. But U.S. involvement is greater than this. The guerrillas themselves claimed at one time that 1000 members of the U.S. Special Forces were aiding the Guatemalan Army. This figure seems high, but the U.S. government has officially admitted the participation of men from the U.S. Eighth Special Forces group in the military training of Guatemalans.

A former Guatemalan Army sergeant told me about the courses in anti-guerrilla warfare he took from Special Forces instructors: "The classes were held at the 'La Cajeta' farm in Zacapa. We were there from May to October of last year. They told us that Cubans were heading the Guatemalan guerrillas. They taught us camouflage techniques, how to survive in the mountains, how to undo booby traps. As for prisoners, we were advised to do away with them whenever we were not able to take them with us."

General Robert W. Porter Jr., commander of the U.S. Southern Army Command in Panama, told the House Committee on Foreign Affairs in April 1966 that the U.S. Army engineers and rangers were working on "civic action" programs in the border zone where troops from Guatemala and Honduras have been fighting guerrillas. The "civic action" consists mostly of distributing powdered milk, medicines and promises to villagers under guerrilla influence. "The guerrillas must first be close by before we even get water," a peasant from the Izabal region said to me. But from reports both by Guate-

From a Report by Eduardo Galeano

Translated by Bernardo García-Pandavenes

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malans and American newspapermen, it appears that American military involvement in Guatemala consists of more than "civic action," and is roughly similar to what it was in South Vietnam during the years before U.S. combat troops arrived there: the U.S. supplies many arms to the Guatemalan Army, American "advisors" accompany Army units on missions, and high-level advisors dispense their advice at offices in the headquarters of the various armed forces, the Ministry of Defense, and even the national police department. And on some occasions the U.S. appears to have dispensed more than advice. In an interview, Guatemalan Vice President Don Clemente Marroquín Rojas told me that one time a squadron of U.S. planes flown by U.S. pilots took off from Panama, made a napalm bombing raid on a suspected guerrilla camp on a Guatemalan mountainside and returned to Panama without even landing in Guatemala. It is obvious that the U.S. considers Guatemala a test case for the survival of guerrilla movements in Latin America, and that it is not willing to risk another Cuba.

THE FORCES OF YON SOSA and César Montes have squabbled fiercely over doctrinal differences, but now seem on their way to a united front. Besides their war against the Guatemalan Army, the two guerrilla movements have something else in common: many of their members and leaders are very young. Montes is 25. One of his deputies, nicknamed *Manzana* (which means apple in Spanish—he got the name for having a red face) is only 20 and has been with the guerrillas since he was 17; two older deputies are only 24.

The guerrillas have to be young to survive. Their life is grueling and they have to keep walking to retain their advantage of surprise and to avoid the regular Army forces pursuing them. Often all they have to eat are boiled wild leaves with salt. They keep moving continuously, clearing their way through the wet jungle with machetes. "Our columns are extremely mobile," Montes says. "This is why the Army can never catch us, despite all the operations they have launched. We have several patrols operating in different parts of the country. They have not been able to capture any of our camps for a simple reason: we never set up fixed camps. Only a few of our food deposits have been discovered, but that is all. It is hard to walk so much, but you soon become used to it. Guerrillas have walked, for instance, from the Izabal Lake to San Agustín Acasaguastlán, which means you have to go across the highest peaks in Guatemala. We have been able to do that in 20 days, without stopping, going from six in the morning until sundown every day, just eating breakfast before leaving and supper before going to sleep." Most of his troops, Montes said, are farmers; a few are students.

César Montes himself is called *el chiris*, a Guatemalan word meaning small child. Slightly built, he has features that seem almost delicate. "Don't ask me to look mean in a photograph because no one would be taken in," he laughingly told me. At the age of 13, he was expelled from a Catholic school, due to his fury over the CIA's coup against the leftist Arbenz regime. At 18 he led student demonstrations and saw his fellow students shot dead before his eyes. At 20 he went to the mountains. By 24, he was leader of one of the most important guerrilla movements in Latin America.

In order to bring the local peasants over to their side, both groups of Guatemalan guerrillas use the method known as *propaganda armada* ("armed propaganda"). This, incidentally, is a method the Cuban guerrillas never practiced: guerrillas go into villages, occupy them for a few hours, explain to the peasants the principles behind their fight, and leave cell-like committees behind them. The guerrillas feel they can only succeed with the support of the peasants. "The peasants are the eyes and the ears of the guerrillas," says Yon Sosa of MR-13. "We are always kept informed about the enemy, and the enemy never finds out where we are. They would have to do away with the whole population to defeat us. But before that ever happens, we will have turned the enemy into dust." The guerrilla weapons I saw included .45 caliber Thomson machine guns, Belgian Brownings and other automatics of Swedish and German makes, Garand guns of World War II vintage, a few M-1s and some Colt .45s. "The Army claims it takes weapons from us quite often," César Montes said, "but they have never been able to show any of our weapons to be Cuban, Czech or Soviet. And they have never found any foreign soldiers in our ranks. Our weapons don't come from Cuba, but from the Guatemalan Army itself. We buy them. If they are capable of selling their country, why wouldn't the soldiers sell their weapons? And everyone knows where our money comes from: we collect ransoms from kidnapping big capitalists who have been exploiting Guatemalan workers for years. We always choose exploiters who are widely hated by everyone."

Montes was deeply scornful of the American "advisors" who are helping the Guatemalan Army in its anti-guerrilla operations. In a sophisticated way, he knows that they too have read Mao and Guevara: "They operate in a mechanical way. They have read in Mao's works that the guerrilla is to the people what the fish is to water, and they know that fish die when taken out of water. They really believe that they can do the same thing to us, that they can isolate us. And perhaps they can deceive part of the people part of the time, but not the whole time. The peasants need land but they don't have any. They need housing, but the government builds homes for military officers. You cannot stop the peasants from helping us when you don't give them the things that they need." Montes was holding Pope Paul VI's encyclical *Popularum Progressio*, from which he read at random: ". . . Farmers become aware that they are undeserving of poverty . . . the scandal of painful disparities . . ." he winked. "The Pope is more intelligent than the Guatemalan right. Read this over and you will see how clearly he explains the causes of violence."

Montes described to me how an American named Ronald Hornberger had once come to the guerrillas claiming to be a newspaperman. "He acted very confident; we talked with him in the mountains for a few days. He dropped names and addresses from the capital, but we double-checked within a few days and found that none of the people he had mentioned had ever heard of him. He also lied about the place he had supposedly left his luggage. He seemed to be interested only in the military aspects of our struggle and not at all in our political motivations. All his questions were of a highly specialized military nature. He was an ace in the handling of any weapon. He brought some military equipment which he said was a gift to us. We tried him and executed him. On his waist under the shirt he wore a fine nylon cord, the kind used by Green Berets for strangling."

The U.S. has given napalm bombs and other arms to Guatemalan troops, and sometimes crops and fields are razed in an

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effort to deprive the guerrillas of their food supply. As in Vietnam, this kind of action often results in the killing of innocent peasants, and the turning of more and more people against the regime. A guerrilla described to me how on the Alexandria Mountain near Río Hondo, he and a band of other guerrillas discovered the bodies of five peasants charred by napalm beyond recognition lying in the middle of a field.

IF EVER THERE WAS a country ripe for revolution, Guatemala is it. An article by Dan Kurzman in the Washington Post of March 13, 1966, refers to Guatemala as "a country that has made virtually no political, economic or social progress since the communist-infiltrated government of President Jazobo Arbenz was overthrown in 1954." The article goes on to discuss the achievements of Castillo Armas, who was put into power in the place of Arbenz by a CIA coup in 1954: "Castillo Armas proved to be something less than a democratic crusader. Instead of pushing land reforms, he earned the indignation of many peasants by returning to the big landowners virtually all of the estimated 1.5 million acres expropriated by the Arbenz regime. . . . Guatemala has known little but stagnant dictatorship and corruption since 1954."

Take just one example of the tremendous gap between rich and poor in Guatemala: taxes. Any Economics 101 college student knows that progressive income taxes tend to reduce the gap between rich and poor, because the rich have to pay a somewhat higher proportion of taxes. Taxes on consumers, such as sales taxes, don't reduce the gap because they hit everyone equally. But out of the $119 million the Guatemalan government collects annually in tax revenues, *only seven million comes from income or property taxes*, and that seven million includes all the taxes paid by U.S. firms in Guatemala, like the United Fruit Company.

By every standard Guatemala's extreme poverty is appalling. Only 15 per cent of the federal land is under cultivation. Only 750 tractors are in use in the entire country. The country is short one million housing units. In the province of Quiché, there is only one doctor per 120,000 people. A shortage of clinics, hospital beds and medicine extends throughout the entire country. But, ironically, Guatemala is one of the seven Latin American countries that is repeatedly praised by the State Department for having joined the U.S. in shipping medicine to South Vietnam. Out of every 10,000 children born alive, 1200 die before the age of four. Most of the remainder are condemned to a life without schools, shoes, milk and toys. Seventy-five per cent of the population is illiterate, shoeless, and gets less than one third of the minimum daily food requirements. Three quarters of the population earn 20 cents a day or less. A quart of milk costs two days of labor for the peasant of Alta Verapaz; three days of labor will pay for a pound of meat.

Guatemala's Army is probably the only one in the world which has one colonel for every 30 men. In many other ways as well, it is corrupt and inefficient, the officers more interested in their fat salaries and special vacations than in pursuing their duties. The morale of enlisted men—many of whom have been "shanghaied" while wandering drunkenly along a city street and enlisted against their will, like sailors in the old British navy—is appallingly low. When a private is killed in battle, his corpse is seldom returned to his relatives. Given these conditions, it is not surprising that the American military has taken such a strong interest in beefing up the Guatemalan Army's will and ability to resist the guerrillas.

Far from alleviating the misery and poverty of Guatemala, American involvement in that country has done much to cause it. Until 1944, Guatemala had been just another Central American "banana republic." It was ruled by the dictator Ubico, a pro-Nazi general, who looked out for the interests of North American corporations and the local oligarchy. But when he was overthrown by the 1944 popular revolution, a vigorous plan for widespread education was put into effect, and the Indians began to become politically conscious, farm workers and city workers started joining labor unions, and Guatemala seemed to be demonstrating that a Latin American country can, on its own accord, break away from backwardness and poverty. The Arbenz regime accelerated many of these reforms, and in the first months of 1954, more than 100,000 Guatemalan families had received new land under the agrarian reform law. Then Washington decided that the Arbenz regime was "communist-infiltrated" and was setting a dangerous example, and the CIA started preparing an invasion against Guatemala, with the blessing of the OAS. Included among the indignant Latin American leaders who raised their hands to condemn the Arbenz regime at a special OAS conference were some of the bloodiest dictators in the history of the continent: Batista, Trujillo, Somoza, Pérez, Jiménez, Odría, Rojas, Pinilla and others.

Castillo Armas, a graduate of the U.S. Command and General Staff College at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, invaded Guatemala with troops trained and paid by the United States. His invasion was supported by C-47 bombers piloted by the CIA. When he had taken over the country, Castillo Armas returned all the expropriated uncultivated land to the big landlords and gave away millions of acres of the country to an international oil cartel. The Guatemalan Oil Act was written in English and sent to the Guatemalan Congress in that language to be passed. One congressman, who still had some sense of dignity left, requested that it be rendered into Spanish. Opposition newspapers which had operated freely under Arbenz were closed; democratic political leaders, students and labor union officers were sentenced to death, prison or exile. Finally Armas himself was assassinated. "It is a great loss to his own nation and for the whole free world," Eisenhower said. The forces of the right and of the Guatemalan military have been in control of the country most of the time ever since.

ONE DAY EARLY IN 1967, in an office in downtown Manhattan, blood rushed to the face of Abraham Weber as he shouted, "I am never going to allow a small Central American country to impose its will on an American company! Do you understand?" The person he was addressing was a Guatemalan, Carlos Rafael López Estrada, who had just resigned as the lawyer for the IRCA (International Railways of Central America). The IRCA used to belong to the United Fruit Company until a New York court applied the anti-trust law and forced United Fruit to get rid of it. The railway ended up in the hands of investors Abraham Weber and Louis Yaeger. Guatemala hasn't profited one centavo by the change. These foreign trains, the only ones the country has, look as if they were taken from a documentary on the Mexican revolution of 1910: ancient and squeaky, practically useless, they render the poorest service imaginable. The IRCA doesn't pay taxes. Yet in Guatemala, even Indians

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who use carts to carry their produce to market and even bicycle owners must pay taxes. The railways do not even pay their own mailing expenses. The state no longer has the right to check the company's records. The IRCA statement that it is losing money is accepted as the truth. Weber's rage against López Estrada came because the lawyer had suggested a few discreet changes in the arrangement between the railway and the Guatemalan government, "to give the government the feeling that its sovereignty was recognized," as López Estrada put it to me.

American involvement in Guatemala since 1954 has not been restricted to exploiting the country's economy. Recent revelations have shown that the U.S. exercised a decisive hand in Guatemalan internal politics even after the CIA's 1954 coup. An article in the Chicago Daily News last December revealed that "the U.S. instigated and supported the 1963 coup by the Guatemalan military to overthrow the constitutionally elected president, Miguel Idígoras Fuentes." The reason for American support of the coup, the newspaper said, was to forestall what was thought to be an imminent victory in the Guatemalan presidential election by Juan José Arévalo, who had been president from 1944 to 1950 and who, despite his non-communist stance, was too far left for American comfort. The paper goes on to explain why the American-supported military coup led to some of Guatemala's problems today: "This is because it [the Guatemalan coup] was followed by a military dictatorship whose unpopularity helped a Castroite guerrilla movement to flourish."

THE MILITARY REGIME which came to power after the 1963 coup finally did permit elections to be held early last year. But the middle-of-the-road government which was elected clearly depends on the Army for its existence. And the Army's behind-the-scenes influence shows who musters the real power.

In a recent pastoral letter, the Archbishop of Guatemala wrote about the "silence of cemetaries" being imposed upon his country. His reference was to the wave of right-wing terrorism which has swept through Guatemala unchecked for the past year. Newspapers provide their readers with daily accounts of corpses, mutilated or burned on the roadsides, or floating down the middle of the Motagua river, most of them forever unidentifiable. Fishing in the region of Gualán has stopped— far too many corpses have been found caught in the improvised dams the fishermen have built to catch fish. In Gualán itself, American military men frequently visit the home of Mariano Sánchez, the Guatemalan Army's local representative and the leader of the local terrorist gang which hunts down "communists" with a fury reminiscent of the Indonesian massacres.

Under none of its former military dictatorships has Guatemala known a systematic terrorism like the one which has taken hold of the country under the present regime. Even members of the President's own party have been assassinated by right-wing armed gangs. These groups have close ties with the Army and enjoy its full protection.

A man I met in Guatemala City had received several warnings. He had been "advised" to leave the country. A friend of his had received a pathetic letter from the Mexican border: "They tortured me and I gave them your name. I know that you have nothing to do with it, but I had to tell them something, something . . . you can't begin to imagine. . . ." Another prisoner he knew had had his testicles crushed with a pair of pliers. The large majority of these so-called "communists" are university professors whose sole crime consists in having participated in the reform governments of Arévalo and Arbenz. Or sometimes, they are relatives of government enemies. For instance, the brother of guerrilla commander César Montes, who lived a totally unpolitical life, was found dead, crushed by torture, three days after he was detained by the Army.

Mario Julio Ruano Pinzón, a former sergeant in the Guatemalan military police, told me his experience: he is the sole survivor of four soldiers who witnessed the machine-gun massacre of 28 political and labor leaders a year ago in an Army warehouse. Three colonels were in charge of this job; one of them is now minister of Defense, Colonel Arriaga Bosque. The soldiers had carried the bodies in bags, dripping in blood, to vehicles that took them to an airplane, from which the bodies were then dumped into the Pacific. Three of the soldiers later died. One was found stabbed to death in a boarding house, another was shot to death in a bar in Zacapa, the third was riddled with bullets in a bar behind the central station in Guatemala City. Julio Pinzón deserted. His photograph appeared in every newspaper. The Army is still looking for him.

Although the right-wing terrorist gangs officially operate without anyone's sanction, it is fairly clear that they represent the will of the Army. A New York Times story of July 14, 1967, under the headline "Guatemalan Rightists outdo Reds in Terrorism" summed up the situation: "No amount of Army denial has been able to shake the conviction, widely held among most informed persons here, that most of the rightist, anti-communist groups are, in fact, a creation of the Army and that many of their members are junior officers . . . these armed irregulars have been criticized for being so indiscriminate in their attacks that a large number of innocent persons, guilty perhaps of no more than leftist and liberal leanings have been tortured, killed, or terrorized."

The terror goes on. Even in the center of the capital, men have been dragged from their homes or gunned down on the streets. Newspapers report six, seven cases each day.

A new law implies that no member of the security forces may be held responsible for a crime of homicide. Certain of the big landowners have been legally raised to the level of local political authorities, with full rights to bear weapons and to form their own private police forces. Vice President Marroquín Rojas justifies this measure because, "The landowners constitute the vital source of production."

There could be no more helpful aid than a government like this in making César Montes and Yon Sosa the first successful revolutionaries on the mainland of Latin America. What gives the Guatemalan situation a significance beyond that small country is that the Pentagon, as in the cases of other revolutions lately, is backing the wrong side. And as long as that way of thinking prevails in Washington, there are likely to be as many Guatemalas in Latin America as there will be Vietnams in Asia.

Eduardo Galeano is in charge of publications at the Universidad de la República in Montevideo. His latest collection of short stories is on the best seller list in Uruguay. He has traveled extensively for UNESCO, *and was the editor of Época, a Montevideon daily newspaper, until its demise last year.*

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oppose the war in Vietnam.

The following statement (©Committee of Returned Volunteers), published here for the first time, has been issued as a Position Paper of the Committee of Returned Volunteers. This group, which is based in New York City, is composed of former Peace Corps Volunteers and others who have worked in similar programs in Asia, Africa and Latin America.

Although primarily concerned with research on the areas in which they have served, these returnees have recently begun to speak out against the war in Vietnam. They are now convinced that unless U.S. troops are withdrawn there will be disastrous consequences not only in Vietnam but throughout the world.

The CRV is circulating its Position Paper among returnees in other parts of the U.S., and at press time 659 persons had endorsed it. In addition to former Peace Corps Volunteers, they include persons who have served with university-sponsored teaching programs, the YMCA, USIS, AFSC, the Ford Foundation, and Church missionary agencies. Those who desire to reprint the Position Paper or to add their names to the list of endorsers should write to: Committee of Returned Volunteers, P.O. Box 380, Cooper Station, New York City 10003.

[OUR EXPERIENCE AS VOLUNTEERS]

WE ARE UNITED STATES citizens who have lived and worked abroad. We went to the countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America because we wanted to offer the insights and techniques of the West to those whose societies are just beginning to industrialize. We chose to work in programs like the Peace Corps because we thought that through such channels we could support the forces of constructive change, rather than those which maintain the status quo of wealth and privilege for the few, and poverty, hunger and disease for the many. As citizens of the United States we had been taught that all men should be free to shape their own future, and we tried to act upon and transmit that understanding.

Although in most instances we went in order to serve, we found that we had more to learn than to teach, more to receive than to give. We affluent Americans were exposed to the realities of poverty, with its underlying apathy, violence and chaos. We were caught up in the tension between modernization and tradition. We began to understand the difficulties—economic, social, political and emotional—which people face in building a nation in the 20th century. We felt the aspirations and frustrations of people caught up in the process of development. We saw the potential of people breaking out of the apathy imposed by centuries of poverty and serfdom and rising to the task of development. We saw the different emphases of various kinds of assistance programs. Unilateral programs were too often bound to narrowly conceived national interests, while multilateral programs more frequently took the needs and desires of the recipients as their point of departure. We became increasingly aware of the irrelevance of Cold War ideology to the problems of the developing, non-Western world.

As we learned to understand the societies of those different from us, we began to be able to view our own society from the perspective of others. We came to see the inadequacies in the actions and goals of our own government. As a part of this process we began to realize that there are ambiguities inherent in United States-sponsored programs like the Peace Corps. Although its name indicates a goal of serving the forces of peaceful change, we wonder whether the Peace Corps' effect has not at times been to impede rather than accelerate the movement into a future of greater abundance and full political participation. We have returned to the U.S. committed to working towards changing those policies and actions of our government which we think serve only a narrowly-defined national interest and ideology. We have resolved to strengthen those policies and actions which serve the world as a whole.

[WHY WE OPPOSE THE WAR]

WE NOW FIND OUR NATION increasingly involved in a conflict which threatens to make impossible the attainment of those goals towards which we worked overseas. Not only do we see the destructive effects of this involvement in Vietnam; we also see a growing tendency of our government to act in similar ways all around the world. We find the United States increasingly prone to respond with military force to efforts by the poor in Asia, Africa and Latin America to better their condition. An example is U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic in 1965. Our government is devoting an increasing amount of our national budget to defense rather than to development. Instead of supporting desperately needed changes, our great wealth and power is used to stifle change and maintain the established order—thereby creating "other Vietnams."

It has often been said that those who serve abroad will make their most important contribution when they return, by helping the United States understand other nations. It is on the basis of our experience overseas, our perceptions about the lives and aspirations of other peoples, our hopes for the future of the world and our nation's place in it, that we now speak. To keep silent would be to betray all those goals for which we worked, and indeed all those goals we understand to be inherent in the fabric of this nation. Therefore, we now declare our opposition to the war in Vietnam, for the following reasons:

1) *We oppose the war in Vietnam because it destroys in one developing country what we have worked to build in so many other developing countries.*

The increasing destruction wrought by United States forces in Vietnam reveals a basic contradiction in our nation's policies overseas, a contradiction between that which builds up and that which destroys. For those of us who worked to build a school or dispensary, for those of us who saw dysentery decrease because we helped the people dig a well, for those of us who helped a village realize its ambition to have a bridge to get its goods to market, for those of us who helped a child discover the meaning of electricity, each bomb in Vietnam that destroys a school, a well, a bridge or a child destroys the very kinds of things which we considered most important in our service as volunteers. We are therefore led to question whether the United States really values the goals toward which we worked while overseas.

We who served overseas did so in part because we wanted to construct, not only schools and roads and sanitation systems, but also dialogue among men of differing cultures. Each bomb that we drop, each villager whom we kill, increases the hatred of Asians for the American intruders. Rather than opening up communication, our actions in Vietnam leave us with a legacy of bitterness, the burden of which we must carry into the future.

2) *We oppose the war in Vietnam because it prevents the development of indigenous leadership responsive to the needs and desires of the people.*

Those of us who have worked in community development have learned that for a project to succeed the people themselves must feel a need for something and must organize themselves to get it. Projects do not work if outsiders impose their values on the people, or if outsiders organize the effort. People can respond favorably to ideas that are in their best interests—but they are the ones who must determine what their best interests are. The outsider can unobtrusively make suggestions, but if his ideas are not accepted there is nothing he can do.

In South Vietnam military personnel have come to have major responsibilities in development programs. Lacking any commitment to basic community development principles, the military persists in trying to manipulate villagers from some central decision-making place, or in herding them into "internment" camps. Such an approach contributes little to creative change within the society or to the development of local leadership.

Through its presence in Vietnam, the United States government maintains in power those who, rather than being responsive to the needs and desires of the Vietnamese people, are primarily committed to retaining their own privileged position. There need be little surprise that such leaders seek to continue and extend United States involvement in their country. Thus, neither in the national leadership supported, nor in the ways people are dealt with on a local level, does our government move towards the goal of indigenous responsibility for development.

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3) *We oppose the war in Vietnam because we believe it undercuts the democratic ideals for which we worked abroad, and which we uphold within the United States.*

While we worked abroad, among our hopes and goals was the emergence of more just and democratic societies. We learned that the obstacles that impede the development of democratic traditions and institutions within these societies can be surmounted only by continuous indigenous pressure for change. These obstacles become insurmountable when coupled with outside support for those who resist such change.

In Vietnam the United States identifies itself with the interests of a small power elite of military leaders and landlords who refuse to allow other segments of Vietnamese society to participate in political decision-making and in the benefits of economic growth. As a result, our policy contributes far more to oppression than to liberation and the growth of democracy.

The war also undermines democratic traditions within the United States. There is a growing tendency to consider dissent unpatriotic and, from some corners, even to call it treason. We are concerned that, as the war continues, dissent will be more overtly suppressed, either by intimidating those who speak in open opposition, or by attempting to discredit them.

Moreover, the distance between official proclamations and what is actually happening steadily widens. As we escalate further, it becomes more and more evident that our goal is military victory, and that our professed interest in peace talks is merely perfunctory. Thus as our government masks the truth and at the same time works to discredit its opponents, our traditional ideals become only empty words.

4) *We oppose the war in Vietnam because we believe that the anti-communist rhetoric used to justify our actions there obscures the fact that the basic division in the world today is between rich and poor.*

We discovered during our time abroad that the issues in developing countries center on the struggle against injustice, hunger, ignorance and disease, whether these stem from a colonial heritage or from an indigenous feudal tradition. The assumptions about a worldwide communist conspiracy which marked our responses to eastern Europe two decades ago are irrelevant to our relations with developing, non-industrialized nations. The movements for rapid change in these areas, whether revolutionary or peaceful, are essentially nationalistic. Although often branded "communist" by their opponents, most of these movements seek to bring into being rights and conditions similar to those that have long been integral to life in the United States.

When efforts to secure basic human rights in developing countries begin to have some effect, however, the United States responds far too often in terms of military aid and intervention to block these efforts, rather than with technical aid to assist them. Reflecting this tendency is the fact that the United States presently spends on war-related costs in Vietnam more than eight times the total budget for economic assistance for the whole world.[1] Every two days the equivalent of the annual Peace Corps budget is spent for the war in Vietnam.[2] Yet for these developing countries the issue is not one of military containment of communism. That the problem is not primarily a military one is starkly illustrated by estimates that in Vietnam anywhere from two to ten civilians are killed for every combatant.[3] The dominant question, both in Vietnam and in the rest of the developing world, is not containment of communism, but rather whether the poor and subservient will always be poor and subservient, or whether they will find ways to become full participants in their societies.

5) *We oppose the war in Vietnam because it renders difficult, if not impossible, domestic efforts to eliminate poverty and to assure the civil rights of all United States citizens.*

The existence of injustice within the United States, especially racial discrimination, was perhaps our greatest burden while we were outside the country. People constantly asked about the racial situation here, and until the mid-'60s we could respond that things were changing, that progress was being made. However, the priority once given to the struggle for civil rights now seems to have been forgotten, as national energies are increasingly consumed by the war in Vietnam.

While we worked abroad we felt that we were contributing to building up other societies. We returned with the desire to help build up our own, particularly by participating in the efforts to eliminate poverty in the United States. We are now finding, however, that there are fewer and fewer resources available for this struggle. The bombs which fall on homes and schools and bridges in Vietnam are bought with money that could be spent for education, housing, health facilities, and countless other needs of the people who live in the sub-strata of this society.

Thus we find ourselves reevaluating some of the anti-American charges we faced while we were abroad. The growing priority within the United States for military expenditures leads us to wonder whether these charges were perhaps not correct—that the government of the United States is not only committed to imposing its values and will on people around the globe, but it also makes little effort to put into practice at home the ideals it upholds in its rhetoric abroad.

6) *We oppose the war in Vietnam because, in spite of assurances to the contrary, our actions daily bring us closer to an all-out war with China or Russia or both.*

[THEREFORE]

As we become aware of the factors which underlie this war, and the reasons for our opposition to it, it becomes increasingly clear to us that United States intervention in Vietnam cannot be justified. It becomes more and more obvious every day that there will be no lasting solution to the problems of Vietnam so long as American troops are fighting there. *Therefore we call for their withdrawal.*

To admit that we have made a tragic mistake will require great courage. Nevertheless, we believe that U.S. withdrawal at this point, rather than undermining the honor of this nation, on the contrary will be a sign of its strength and health. Other nations—the Russians in Cuba, the French in Algeria—have also made such difficult choices—and they are more respected in the world community as a result. Continuance of the war on the grounds of "commitments" or "our country right or wrong" can only increase the rapid decline of U.S. prestige in the eyes of the world.

In all probability withdrawal will mean the collapse of those whom the United States supports in positions of power in South Vietnam. However, even if this should be the case, we are convinced that a more viable Vietnam will emerge. As we have discovered from our experience in community development, the only effective leadership is that which is indigenous, and which does not depend on outside props to maintain it in power.

Withdrawal may well also mean that the Viet Cong will become the dominant element in Vietnamese political life after the departure of American troops. We wish to say several things about this possibility. First, by aiding Diem's rise to power and by supporting his unrepresentative and suppressive government, the United States contributed much to the rise of the NLF. Second, it seems clear that the NLF is authentically representative of a broad segment of South Vietnamese society. Third, should communist members of the NLF become inordinately powerful in any successor government in South Vietnam, it is for the South Vietnamese to decide when that point has been reached and how to deal with it. This cannot be decided by non-Vietnamese, no matter how well intentioned. Fourth, should the successor government decide to reunify with North Vietnam, that is their decision—as are the terms on which reunification might take place. Fifth, should violence occur in Vietnam after our withdrawal, let us not be hypocritical about it: it is unimaginable that it could equal the violence we now bring to that nation under the rationale of a commitment to a minority which knowingly gambled on our protection of their interests.

Inasmuch as the policy assumptions underlying the U.S. presence in Vietnam appear to apply to our actions elsewhere, withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam at this time will require the United States to reevaluate its priorities throughout the world. It seems to us that a Cold War mentality which categorizes nations as "communist" or "free" completely ignores the most urgent and fundamental division of rich and poor. Rather than pursue a policy of military intervention which perpetuates this cleavage, the United States must work to make its resources available to the world community. This should be done primarily through international agencies rather than through unilateral channels.

We have tried to serve the cause of peace in the world by working in developing countries. We believe that our nation can show its true greatness by responding to the appeals for peace which come from all around the world. Therefore we call for the United States to withdraw its troops from Vietnam, to lower its worldwide military involvements, and to give wholehearted support to international efforts to place the technical resources of the West at the service of those who desperately need them. We appeal to our government to make *these* the new set of national priorities.

---

[1] New York Times, April 12, 1967.

[2] Oberdorfer, Washington Free Press, February 1967.

[3] London Observer, January 7, 1967; The New Republic, January 7, 1967; Associated Press, October 24, 1966.

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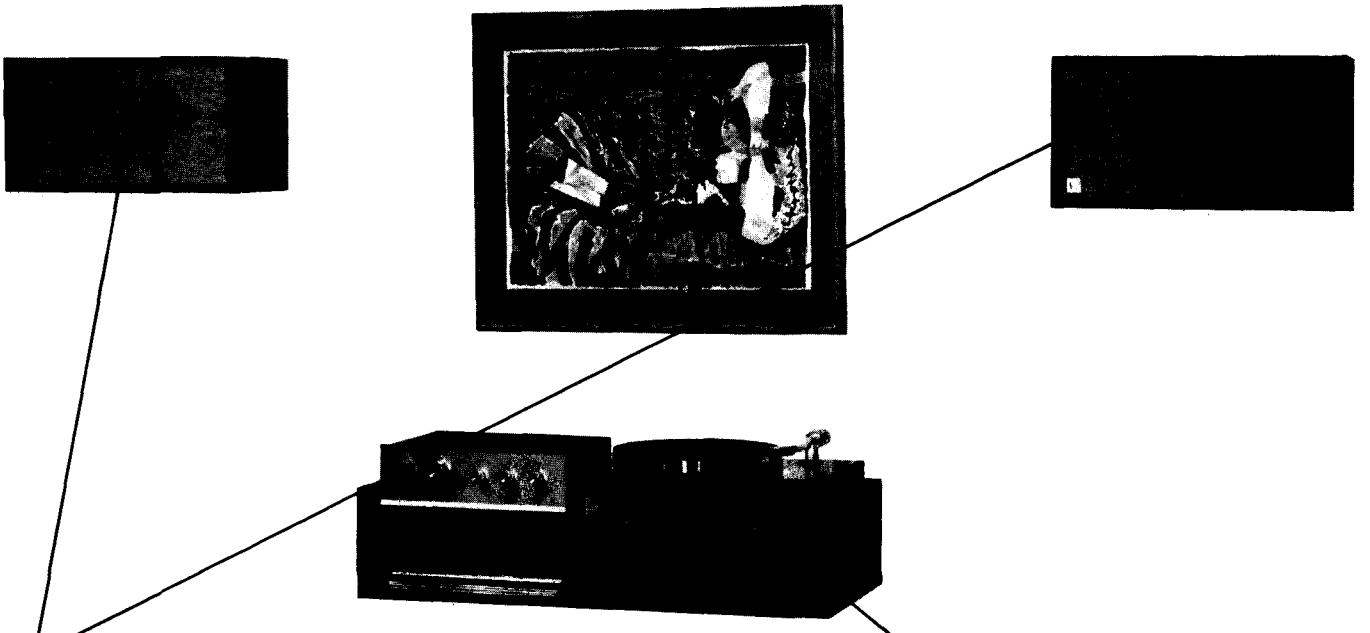

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THE WEAKEST LINK in a stereo system is usually the loudspeaker, which can choke off the potential fidelity of the other components.

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Literature

LIKE A CONQUERED PROVINCE: THE MORAL AMBIGUITY OF AMERICA. *By Paul Goodman. New York: Random House. 142 pp. $4.95.*

by Studs Terkel

"THINGS ARE in the saddle / And ride mankind." Emerson was more of a prophet than he knew. The ride's become somewhat rougher since. What with the computer and the split atom in the hands of science's "moral neutrals" (a new breed of trained make-out artists, who are making out with government, industry and CIA-subsidized universities), things are heavier in the saddle and mankind more swaybacked.

To this uniquely American dilemma, Paul Goodman has obdurately addressed himself. He offers variations on the theme in these six Canadian lectures: gentle, informed, despairing, occasionally touched with a note of cheer.

Certainly he's no Luddite nor does he share the pessimism of Jacques Ellul concerning galloping technology (". . . work implies the absence of man whereas previously it implied a presence"). Perhaps the Frenchman goes too far, but whatever became of Will, Angie and Claude, the elderly elevator operators of the building? Their jobs as nine to five yo-yo's were not rewarding, God knows, but *where* did they go? Were they, like Albee's grandma in "The American Dream," carted away in moving vans?

Goodman offers proposals; unfortunately, the Managers have disposals. Of this he is wistfully aware: "Those who are directly engaged in the human functions of teaching and learning have no say in what goes on." Witness Pacem In Terris II. Thus irony, uninvited, possesses this book.

A paraphrase of Emerson is in order: With Neanderthals in the saddle, can 20th century man finish the journey?

Years ago, at the Rialto Burlesque in Chicago, Kenny Brenna, the skinny banana, played the professor. Charlie Country, the fat banana, was the caveman, bullhide on back, club in hand. Kenny outwitted Charlie and wound up in bed with the talking lady, who during much of the sketch had been dragged by the hair. Intelligence beat brute force.

How can today's Neanderthals be outwitted? Friendly persuasion, contemporary evidence shouts, has little effect. True, A.J. Muste, to whom the book is dedicated, had by his presence among us offered human proof that the primitive is not altogether deaf to the gentle word. Unfortunately, more than passionate primitivism is involved here. As Goodman indicates, passionless technique constitutes today's horror.

Assume that A.J., after a fantasy weekend at the White House, had swung LBJ from pre-history into the 20th century. What luck would he have had with W. W. Rostow? Even a maddened Brahman bull can be busted, but what can you do with an unperturbed jockey who has already fixed the race?

Goodman cries wisdom on the campus, but neither his voice nor vision carries to the side streets of the city or to the well-kept suburban roads. The Charlie Countrys and their academic straight men hold all the aces: mass media, weaponry and almost everything cybernetic. All Goodman has working for him is intelligence and old-time humanness. Though his reason tells him the odds are prohibitive, he feels in his bones we'll make it. So, suggestions for a less Gross Society.

The hope—"counter-force for a decent society," he calls it—lies primarily with the young. Since 50 per cent of America is under 26, the Neanderthals and their batboys, if not outwitted, may be outlived. There's one catch. The clocks are going tick-tock. Especially the ones on Pentagon Hill. In other quarters, too, time and space are on a collision course. While precision watches are being synchronized by apple-cheeked bombardiers bearing napalm, lazy dogs and Hell knows what else, overpriced time-pieces are being desperately glanced at in Watts, Harlem and on Chicago's South Side. Not to mention South African townships and Guatemalan hideouts.

Jane Addams' old friend, Jessie Binford, long on the sunny side, expressed anguish in her last days. She had handled corrupt, old-time politicians with comparative ease; she was destroyed by today's "incorruptible," impersonal Chicago Establishment. "When you look to the older people for what the young should find in them, it isn't there. *Nothing's* there. Do we have to wait for these young people to grow up and awaken those who are older? Or those who are in control and make all the decisions?" She was staring at the clock.

Goodman is at his most sanguine in discussing these young awakeners. It is they who make irrelevant all the cliches and trigger phrases of a suddenly dead past. They, though a minority among their contemporaries, have visited upon us in this time of the Triple Revolution the old Chinese curse: "May you live in interesting times." The banner they bear is ethical rather than ideological. They're in every society.

AT THE CHICAGO BE-IN, a few thousand gathered. Active ones and acid heads, they were all there. Gentleness pervaded. Yet violence was the landscape. We faced Mayor Daley's polluted lake, multi-storied parking lots and those asylums, whimsically called housing projects. We saw expensive high rises, equally bleak. These, more than the ghettos, evoked a memory of Billie Holiday:

Love, oh love, oh loveless love
Has set our hearts on goalless goals
From silkless silk and milkless milk
we're growing used to soulless souls.

Lady Day was as good a prophet as Emerson.

Almost a half century after Louis Sullivan's death on skid row, these motley young were acting out his City of Man. Their stage, a jungle of Things.

Goodman calls for an end to the social engineering that has brought this about; a rethinking along less abstract and more human ways; a new look at

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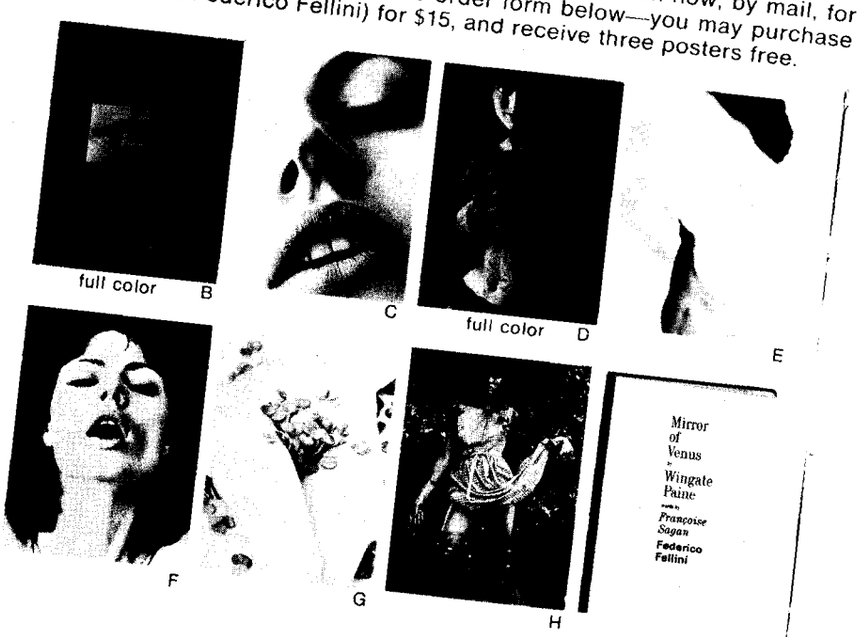

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the American farm; a thinning out of the metropolis and a repopulation of the small town; a symbiosis, perhaps, of city and country values.

Isn't this late in the game? Aren't the values as one? The little blonde's call to join the Dodge Rebellion and the sound of battle for Right Guard have already reached the hindmost of hinterlands. The earthbound farmer is as possessed by Things as the most haunted of urban nomads. Miss Binford, dying in the town her father helped found, observed, "I am the only walker here. Everyone else rides the block or two to the supermart. It's like Chicago. I ask too many questions. I'll be silent now."

They are civilized suggestions Goodman makes, though he knows intellectually as well as in his bones, they'll not be taken seriously in a zombie society. Rather than setting up the refugee sharecropper in a d.u. (dwelling unit; home is as archaic a word to planners as city) at a cost of $20,000 per, Goodman suggests the man be given $1000 for 20 years. Thus a community of personal worth and independence may be created where he *is*, even in the Occupied State of Mississippi. Intimations of power may result in its liberation sooner than "with all deliberate speed."

Isn't this what the young Freedom workers in the Deep South have been trying to accomplish, scorned and 'buked? And alone? Of course, "It's cheaper to give money to the poor to design their own lives rather than try to make them shape up." It's much too Early American, too subversive a thought.

Power is not something given; neither by a brutish Big Daddy nor a charming drop out with me, the best is yet to be," the road becomes somewhat longer and more lonely. Still, despite Daley's overwhelming triumph, two Negro independents made it to the council chambers. An improvised coalition of dispossessed, concerned young and aware (most of the black poor, afraid of being bumped off the welfare rolls, went Daley) swung it. They were aware of "the psychology of being powerless." It's Goodman's phrase and the heading of his most trenchant lecture.

Though all the strata of our society are touched with anomie, it's his thesis that the middle class is the most mindless and lost; thereby most dangerous to his fellows. "Do it my way or you're not quite a person"—to both Negro and Vietnamese. With a stubborn, defiant response forthcoming, they demean one and kill the other. They're innocent and righteous, yet so unhappy. Smiles are performed by surrogates: the heroes and heroines of TV commercials and the vice president.

Rita B., a Chicago schoolteacher, saw it all one afternoon. She was gathering petitions for a Paul Crump clemency petition.* "After two hours, I knew who was going to sign it and who wasn't. The people that refused were all the better-dressed. They'd look at you with such coldness and resentment. The poor would say, 'Don't kill the man.' They found it in their hearts to forgive. The pure, the middle class, you know, haven't got it any more. They've lost it."

On another occasion, she encountered a third group: the blue collar ex-proles. It was the night of an execution. Rita had joined young ministers, students and several Negroes on a silent vigil. From across the street, car doors opening, radios blaring, beer cans being held aloft, came howls and jeers. And cheers when the death house lights dimmed. Though she felt pity (a little fright, too) for these, hot and furiously breathing, she was horrified by the first ones, cold, non-feeling. Things.

Paul Goodman sounds warnings and ideas. With Buckminster Fuller, he believes Utopia is the only reality of our day; "practical men" are the fantasists. The Great Society is not cynical, it is delusional. "The American tradition—I think the *abiding* American tradition—is pluralist, populist and libertarian, while the Establishment is monolithic, mandarin and managed. . . . I would almost say my country is like a conquered province with foreign rulers, except that they are not foreign and we are responsible for what they do."

*Paul Crump had spent nine years on death row. His sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

Mr. Terkel, a well-known Chicago radio personality, has a daily show on WFMT. He is the author of Giants of Jazz *and* Division Street: America.

INSIDE THE FBI. *By Norman Ollestad. New York: Lyle Stuart, Inc. 319 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by William W. Turner

ONE OF THE STORIES told by FBI agents about their boss takes place in Miami during Hoover's annual winter "working vacation" to play the horses at Gulf Stream Park. J. Edgar and Clyde Tolson, his associate director and alter ego, rent a cabaña on the beach. It is late in the afternoon when Clyde pokes his head out and peers up and down the beach. "The beach is clear, Ed," he announces. "But do you really think you can walk on water?"

Norman Ollestad, the author of *Inside the FBI*, was a special agent for one year (1961-62), assigned to the Miami office. His book is an uninhibited account of his training at the FBI Academy at Quantico, of the climactic class meeting with The Great Man, of the strange goings-on in a field office gripped by paranoia, and, having exhausted his capacity to rationalize, of his final disillusionment. From the book's pages there emerges a vivid portrait of J. Edgar Hoover in all his megalomania.

The stripping down of J. Edgar to his BVDs is alone worth the price of admission. It is a job that had to be done by an insider, since the FBI director is publicly a porcelain figure perched high on a pedestal, a de Gaullian hero who stands *infra dig* while his minions and

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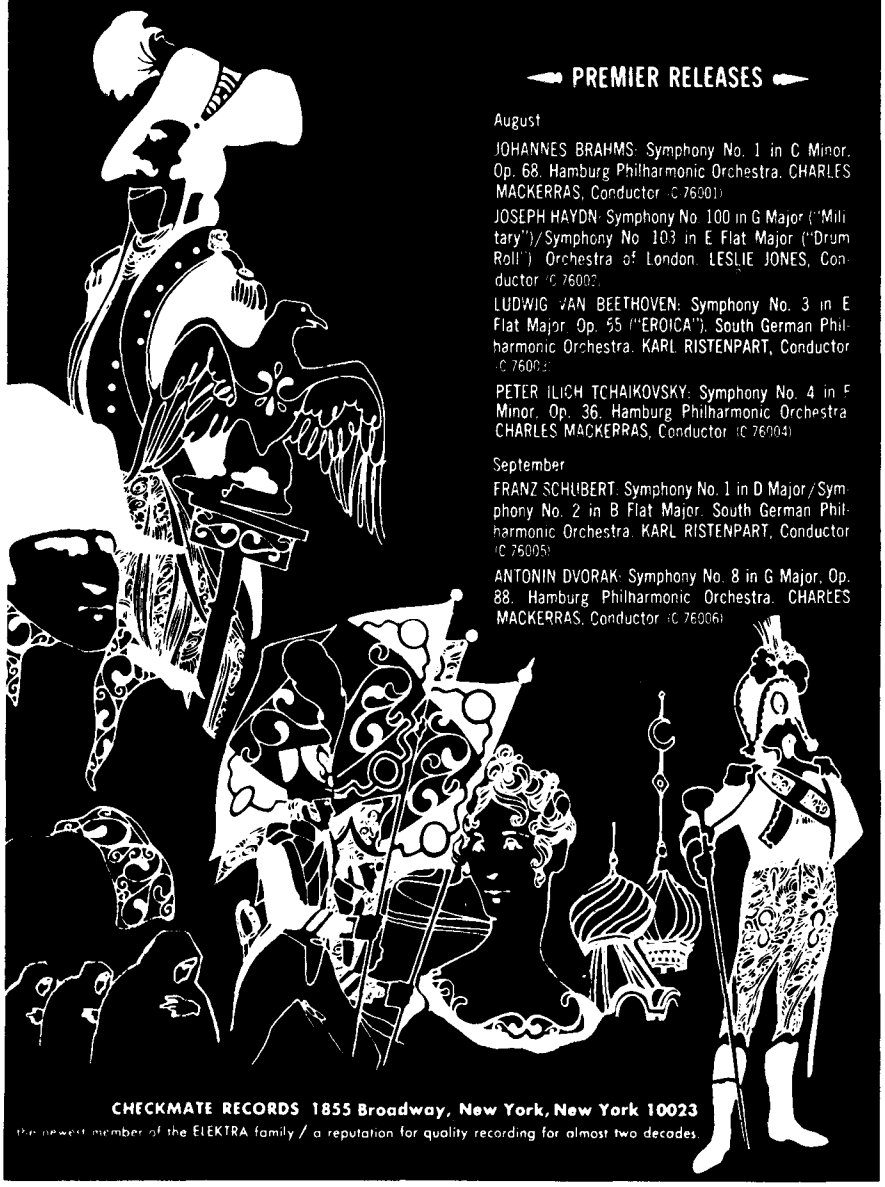

PREMIER RELEASES

August

JOHANNES BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, Op. 68. Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. CHARLES MACKERRAS, Conductor (C 76001)

JOSEPH HAYDN: Symphony No. 100 in G Major ("Military")/Symphony No. 103 in E Flat Major ("Drum Roll") Orchestra of London. LESLIE JONES, Conductor (C 76002)

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3 in E Flat Major, Op. 55 ("EROICA"). South German Philharmonic Orchestra. KARL RISTENPART, Conductor (C 76003)

PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4 in F Minor, Op. 36. Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. CHARLES MACKERRAS, Conductor (C 76004)

September

FRANZ SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 1 in D Major/Symphony No. 2 in B Flat Major. South German Philharmonic Orchestra. KARL RISTENPART, Conductor (C 76005)

ANTONIN DVORAK: Symphony No. 8 in G Major, Op. 88. Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. CHARLES MACKERRAS, Conductor (C 76006)

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admirers roast the disloyal opposition. But while balloon-pricking is good sport, Ollestad's book is set in a larger context. The FBI is not the Department of Agriculture or the Bureau of the Budget—it is a federal police force with plenary police powers. It has been, since the Truman days, heavily involved in the nebulous business of non-statutory snooping, and despite the disclaimer "we only investigate, not evaluate," it possesses the power to create and destroy individuals.

"It began with a rude awakening the first day in class," goes the book's flyleaf blurb, "carried forward through his meetings with J. Edgar Hoover, the pedantic, yet often inadequate training, the tradition of lies and deceptions, the unhealthy implications in FBI official attitudes . . ."

A young California lawyer set on a career of public service, Ollestad recounts his pre-induction interview—a three-hour grilling "to find out if I were politically, financially, philosophically and morally sterile." He reports to Washington and undergoes sanitization. The usual "horror stories" about the agents who were fired because they were seen in an unapproved nightclub. The revelation of the FBI's holy mission. "*Annuit Coeptis*," intones a Bureau official. "Gentlemen, God does look with favor upon the work of the FBI as protectors of this the greatest nation the world has ever known. . . ." Enter the cult of the personality. An assistant director delivers an idealized version of the director's career, capped with the drivel, "Yes boys, J. Edgar Hoover is an inspiration to us all. Indeed, it has been said, and truly—'*The sunshine of his presence lights our way!*' "

Now who could criticize a man like that, muses Ollestad, still in the gullible stage. The assistant director turns grim. "Now, boys, books have been written criticizing our Director . . . But they are filled with nothing but contemptuous lies and half-truths . . . Communist style!" But the FBI doesn't let the lies stand. "To combat false information, the Director has organized a full time staff who work as public relations advisors. One such advisor was the well-known radio and television announcer, Dan Smoot. But of course the Director always makes the final decisions."

The ranting went on. "But there are other sources of unwarranted criticism," declared another of Hoover's "Anonymous Nine" assistant directors. "The *liberals* in public office have a great fear of our investigations. Doesn't it seem strange that they all have records of previous trouble? Another thing, gentlemen, many of these so-called liberals are actually *queers*. No wonder they are always the ones who yell the loudest about the Bureau's secret files. . . ." Ollestad's book is chillingly replete with the fanaticisms that color official policy.

Ollestad gradually develops the fact that J. Edgar's notion of crime and subversion is as outdated as his trophy cases: "In that office the photographs and mementos lined the walls, filling their glass cases with a musty aura . . . The trophies including a death mask of Dillinger were old, too, most of them dating from the twenties and thirties. Why none of a more modern vintage? Why none of *Cosa Nostra*? Why only relics of days long past . . .?" Later, the old hands in the field supply the answer: the Bureau is on a statistical binge to bamboozle Congress with numbers, lots of numbers. One veteran told Ollestad, "We must win the battle of paper . . . The Director cares more about the case load than the number of cases you've solved. . . . Our most impressive statistics are obtained from stolen auto cases, checks, ITSP's [Interstate Transportation of Stolen Property], army deserters, unemployment compensation frauds. . . . The boys on the auto squad can recover a half million dollars' worth of autos in the time it takes the top jewel thief program to get one conviction . . ."

A flashback to training school. The class was dozing through a dull lecture by Assistant Director John Malone (now head of the New York office) when his voice grew in volume and pride as he prepared to reveal to the audience his authorship of a most important aid. "I am living proof of the rewards granted the creative imagination by this Bureau! *Mine was the* . . ." Every new agent was on the edge of his chair now, endocrines doing double-duty, says Ollestad. "Mine was . . . THE CHILD-MOLESTER'S COLORING BOOK!"

It was an old "Commie Squad" agent in Miami who put Ollestad wise to the game. "The CPUSA [Communist Party U.S.A.] is dead if the Boss would let it pass. It is socially, financially, politically dead. . . . The only thing that keeps them going is J. Edgar Hoover himself. The FBI gives them the money, and the publicity. . . . Why do you think the Director has such a large personal following in America? Because of his reputation as a crime fighter? Hell no, crime has increased tremendously here during his career. It's because he has convinced people that he is the only person that stands between them and a Commie take-over in the U.S. It allows him to make comments and speeches about subjects that otherwise would be out of his field. . . . Organized crime is much tougher, much more a menace to the security and well-being of Americans, but the big hoods are younger, have more money, brains. I'd rather tackle the CP than the hoods."

This isn't the first time the fraud has been exposed. Back in 1962, former agent Jack Levine told of the cult of the personality and charged that dues-paying FBI informers were the lifeblood of a moribund Communist Party. Levine aired his revelations over the Pacifica network, which shortly thereafter was hauled before Senator Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee and dunked in so much Red paint it nearly drowned. When Levine sought admission to the Arizona bar, Hoover convinced the admissions committee that Levine's "falsehoods" rendered him unfit to practice, and it took the Arizona Supreme Court to restore rationality with the reminder that a critic of Hoover is not necessarily a traitor.

Ollestad counterpoints his chapters with passages from J. Edgar's *Masters of Deceit*. In one chapter he quotes a Miami office sage: "I tell you, Ollestad, he's the Master Mountebank, he's organized his Bureau just exactly like the Communist Party U.S.A. is organized, and has used exactly the same principles the Commies use, to control us, the rank and file." Hoover's words heading the chapter were: "That's a Communist technique. Always keep members in fear . . . worrying about what's coming next. It makes discipline easier to impose."

OLLESTAD ALSO DELIVERS some piquant anecdotes about the friction between Hoover and Bobby Kennedy. As is commonly known, Kennedy was the first attorney general to ignore the de facto protocol which demanded he kowtow to his underling. Once Kennedy burst into Hoover's office unannounced, an unheard-of breach, "only to discover the Director of the

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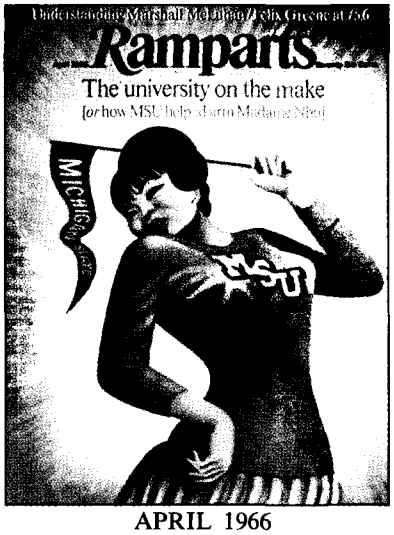

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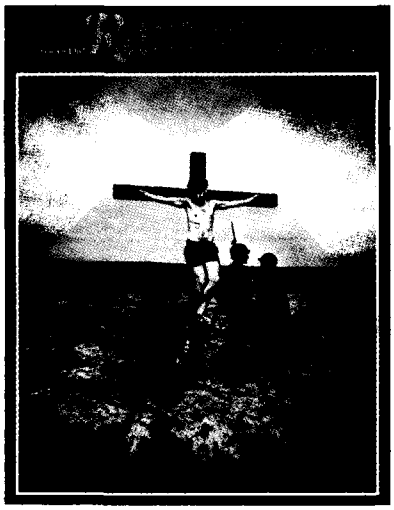

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Federal Bureau of Investigation fast asleep on the office couch, enjoying his afternoon nap." But Hoover went one up on his brash boss by tapping his phone. One remark left the vain septuagenarian's ears burning: "J. Edgar Hoover was just too damned old to run the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the nineteen-sixties!" From all evidence, the Kennedys intended to sack their sancrosanct liability following the 1964 election. But after Dallas it was Bobby, not Hoover, who went.

In Ollestad's book, the FBI comes off as a bastion of bigotry. The rookie has a heart-to-heart talk with Sam, the director's long-time Negro manservant, but recalling his class counselor's advice, "Just don't let me catch any of you shaking hands with the old nigger," studiously keeps his distance. Sam's friends, it turns out, are skeptical of his "special agent" status. "They said I was being used to make the public think the Director wasn't prejudiced. But you see, out of more than six thousand agents of the FBI only twenty-seven are Negroes."

In Miami, the bigotry is open. The ace bank robbery investigator advises Ollestad "not to shake hands with any niggers while the local police are watching you . . . We need their cooperation to solve these bank robberies." There is the office's lone Negro agent Leo, the "good nigger" who earned "a higher salary than any other Negro in the South." Leo's principal *raison d'etre* was to keep the director's limousine in spit and polish condition for runs to the racetrack. "As soon as the feature race was over he would fire up the Cadillac and wait for the running of the last race with the engine going, but even this procedure was not enough to forestall the inevitable. Several times during each visit, the Director would tell Leo that if the sputtering car did not start up immediately that he, Leo, would be fired and would no longer be with 'all those gallant agents who daily face death to carry out the duties thrust upon the FBI.' "

And there is Jim, a good-looking, college-educated Negro who was on tap to be made the second Negro agent "if the civil rights thing got too hot." But Jim was an uppity nigger who "didn't know his place like Leo." He had the nerve to show up at an office picnic—and the agents engaged in a softball game walked off the field, leaving Ollestad perched on second base. A supervisor tried to reason with Jim, but in the end lost his cool. "Listen you God damned nigger son of a bitch, if you don't get right out of here, I'm going to throw you out."

The few Negro "special agents" during my own tenure were indeed window-dressing. It wasn't until Bobby Kennedy asked for a head count that Hoover got the message, and former Notre Dame football star Aubrey Lewis became the first Negro agent to go through the FBI Academy in its 27 years of existence. The Bureau's public relations geniuses turned the shameful milestone into a publicity coup by conning Ebony magazine into doing a feature article pretending Negro agents had always been vital to Hoover. The FBI chief glamorized the hapless Leo as an alert agent who once had spotted a missing Selective Service delinquent in a nightclub. But when the Ebony reporter pressed Hoover for a precise tally of Negroes in the FBI, the G-man "was reluctant to divulge the tricks of the trade."

Ollestad had had it. Writing the customary flowery letter of resignation (to avoid The Great Man's frown), he accepted an appointment as assistant U.S. attorney in Los Angeles. He wrote *Inside the FBI* over a period of several years, in his spare time between spins on his surfboard at Malibu. It is a fresh, breezy narrative, and as his publisher puts it, "No conscientious American can read this book without being concerned about the obvious limitations of the man who directs the FBI, the manner in which it works and the things that it does and fails to do because of the peculiar way it is controlled."

Ollestad has opened the door a crack and hopefully more books will now be forthcoming that will take a more profound, analytical look at The Man and The Myth. It is vitally important, for already the FBI lobby is pushing legislation to perpetuate the nepotism. A bill is pending which would make it mandatory that successive directors be appointed from inside the FBI. If the bill becomes law, we are due for a bloodline of patent medicine patriots creating such anti-crime devices as The Child-Molester's Coloring Book.

William W. Turner, a Ramparts staff writer, was for ten years a special agent for the FBI.

Continued on page 71

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(*Continued from page 6B*)

the Egyptian economy should pull through—particularly if the cotton crop holds up as well as it now appears. There won't be any allocations for long-run development, except for the Aswan allotment which is lower now; the dam is exepcted to be producing electricity in December.

EGYPTIANS ARE COMMITTED to their social revolution and the war seriously threatened it. Nasser is known to have accepted the early cease-fire partially because he feared the bombing of the new factories in the Suez area. Israeli planes were not expected to have the capacity to reach Luxor near the High Dam, but they did, and the prospect of bombing the dam, on which so much of Egypt's hope rests, is too horrible for Egyptians to contemplate. The Egyptians have hopes for their country and these hopes have led them to reject serious adventurism and led them to the first faint stirring of wonder as to whether they are paying too high a price for their responsibility to the Arab nations. There has always been an African pull on this society, and many Egyptians at times confess not even to like other Arabs very much. The notion of exporting revolution to the other Arab countries was abandoned with the secession of Syria in the early '60s, and it is now felt by many in Egypt their revolution must be proved a success before it is emulated.

Nasser has used the appeal of Arab nationalism to undercut domestic criticism of his social program emanating from the dispossessed landowners and those in industry, banking and insurance who have been affected by the nationalization. He may be reaching a point when the Egyptian revolution is going to have to go it alone and recognize that the differences between the right and left, both in Egypt and the Arab world, cannot forever be papered over with the Palestine question, but must rather be decided on the basis of the real social and economic issues involved. It may be significant that the President, in his Cairo University speech, barely mentioned the Palestine question after nearly three hours of attacks on "American imperialism."

However, there can be no doubt that the Egyptians remain strongly committed to the principle that the Palestine refugees must be repatriated and that Israel must give up the fruits of her recent victory. There is a strong moral commitment here on the refugee question that has never been fully understood in the West. Egypt can live with Israel, but cannot accept its legality as long as the refugees remain outside; for that defines Israel in the eyes of the Egyptians as a racial and therefore an alien state. This is the basis for the automatic rejection of Israel's proposals on negotiations. However, various members of the Egyptian Cabinet have indicated that they would agree to some sort of U.N.-supervised buffer zone around Israel and an end to the fedayeen raids, in return for withdrawal from the newly occupied land.

But long-run peace in the area must involve serious improvements in the lot of the refugees. It is ironic that the Palestinians who talk the loudest about continuing the struggle are the middle class merchants and administrators who have done well financially. The Arab leaders are going to have to recognize that the peasants who populate the refugee camps want land to till—not slogans—and do not wish to be pawns in a diplomatic game.

The major responsibility rests with Israel and it must come to recognize that it has a far greater obligation to these refugees than it does to encourage another million Jews to immigrate to Israel. This is essential if Israel is to begin to identify with the needs and aspirations of the Arabs.

In any case, as a first step in pursuit of peace, the Israelis must recognize that while the destruction may serve the current interests of American foreign policy, it does not concur with the long-run interests of Israel. For the Egyptian President is the one man in the Middle East capable of moving toward a peace that matters. The Israel question has become hopelessly muddled with that of the Arab social revolution and the response of the Western powers to it. Egypt has, over the past seven years, experienced a far-reaching social revolution which could provide a model for the modernizaton of the Middle East. If the Arab countries are able to undertake such a revolution, and to unify their political aspirations, they will undoubtedly move to gain the full benefit of their resources, including the oil. This is, of course, what disturbs the American government about unity and progress in the Arab world, and why Nasser is presumed to be a dangerous fellow by Washington.

The problem deepens with the fact that Israel, preoccupied with its continued existence, has had to take its alliances where it could find them. Given that the Arab price has been too high, Israel has come to depend for its survival on relatons with the West, and to a considerable degree, on the political activities of American Zionists. It becomes a vicious cycle: Israel's connection with the West is taken by even the most enlightened Arabs as confirmation of their view of Israel as an "imperialist state" which in turn increases Israel's isolaton and forces an even greater dependence on the West.

BUT IT IS NOW A MOMENT of truth for both Nasser and the Israelis. Nasser must decide whether his primary commitment is to the Arab social revolution or the Arab nationalist revolution—they are no longer the same thing. If it is the former, then he must break openly with the rightists in the Arab world, and begin to work towards an accommodation with Israel which would entail splitting that country off from the West. Israel is undoubtedly a cultural intrusion into the Arab world. But it need not necessarily be alien to vast Arabian political currents. The serious question is not whether Israel continues to exist, but rather on whose side: that of progressive Arabs who want to

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utilize the resources of that area for their people, or Western interests.

Perhaps this is a simple dichotomy, but economic exploitation in this part of the world is of a classic 19th century model. It is maddening to hear even Arab leftists talk of Zionism and Goldberg as dangers and of the Rockefeller interests almost as friendly by comparison. Nasser still gives U.S. oilmen the run of his country, but a tourist who has been to Israel is thought to be dangerous. And it is actually believed that Goldberg and Walt Rostow take a hard, anti-Nasser line because they are Zionists, not because they are spokesmen for what is, in this part of the world, a refreshingly obvious imperialism.

The social revolution in Egypt is a real one, but it is also privy to extinction because it does not yet have a politics to sustain it. And because of that, it cannot approach the problem of Israel with any greater rationality than a Hussein or a Feisal. Egypt is equally vulnerable to the left adventurism of the Syrians and right-wing pressures of the Moslem Brotherhood, because it has failed to clarify itself as an organic political entity.

During the course of dozens of interviews I had with Egyptian governmental and political leaders, and with representatives of other Arab nations here in Cairo, I found that the social revolution of Egypt is a serious economic reality, but politically no more than a mood which depends on Nasser's occupancy of the presidency and his personal commitment to its goals. Over the past year he has attempted to accelerate the development of the Arab Socialist Union into a serious political force. In his speech of July 23rd, he placed the highest priority on its organizational development. He has also encouraged the left to become active in the Socialist Union. But all this is only a vague beginning: the Arab Socialist Union has a massive membership of seven million, as it is open to all comers, but as yet has no real identity or program. Until now, Nasser has been unwilling to develop a politics in his country because it would divide it, but recent events have produced obvious cracks in this facade of national unity. Nasser and the progressive trend which he has initiated can only survive by moving sharply to the left. This would involve development of a revolutionary elan, with a mass party tightly committed as to program and tactics. As one prominent member of the Egyptian left told me, "Nasser himself must now be nationalized."

POLITICAL OBSERVERS in Cairo pay special attention each Friday to the articles in Al Ahram by its editor Heikal, Nasser's press spokesman. His articles are said always to be cleared with the President. On the Friday following Nasser's speech, Heikal wrote that while the shock of the Suez invasion has produced the thrust towards socialization, "the shock of 1967 was the introduction to full popular democracy on which the President's speech focused." He interprets Nasser's speech as a call for dialogue and self-criticism which "is a sign of a healthy and vital society." Heikal emphasized the development of the Arab Socialist Union into a serious and popular force. He cautioned that in a society which has one political movement and which is undergoing a revolution, "the individual needs law guaranteed."

In view of the regime's tawdry record of suppression of political opposition, Heikal attacked the past policy of random arrest by government agencies: "I have in mind the persons who are dismissed or arrested or placed under sequestration. Though this might have appeared necessary to various government agencies at the beginning of the social transformation process, the time has come to put an end to this . . . unity through diversity is now our demand and can only be thrashed out through discussion which cannot flourish in an atmosphere of fear."

He specifically called for an increasing role for the universities and the press as "autonomous establishments" which "ought to have a growing role." It will, of course, take a good deal more than one speech or editorial to create a healthy dialogue, but the atmosphere in Cairo is encouragingly open and free of the whining and petty tyranny that one would have expected from the defeat.

But the future of this trend will depend greatly on whether the Israelis now, and in the moment of their victory, heed the earlier but now quiet voices of their own left, rather than of hawks like Dayan who are lionized in the United States. If Israel cannot initiate a settlement through a third party which will try to return the occupied lands, while at the same time guaranteeing the peace of her borders, it may well miss the critical moment.

It is in Israel's interest to ease the pressure on Nasser rather than to maintain it. If Israel holds Sinai, in a year's time Egypt may well be a militaristic state with Nasser out and the Moslem Brotherhood in. The Pentagon, as well as Goldberg and Rostow, will be able to coexist with this, or another rightist government will assuredly prove its anti-communism by wrecking the reforms instituted here. The United States would undoubtedly reward such a rightist government, by working to get Israel's withdrawal from Sinai, to prove the effectiveness of such a government and to restore American influence.

But then there are those in Cairo who are predicting that Israel will not stop on the other side of the Canal, but will soon strike again, this time into the heart of Egypt in a final and desperate attempt to topple Nasser and his Arab socialist revolution.

The future peace of Israel will not be enhanced by the creation of an Egyptian government which wildly waives the Koran as it directs all of its resources and energies solely to the waging of Holy War. And in the long run, this is all that the right wing of the Arab world has to offer.

Cairo, July 31, 1967

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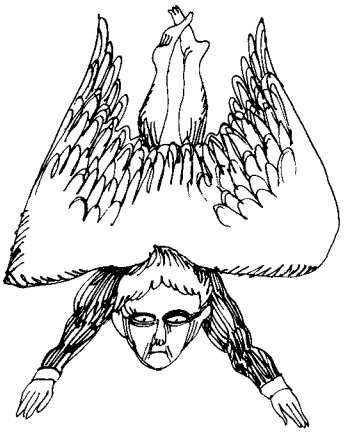

LOS ANGELES, THE ULTIMATE CITY. *By Christopher Rand. Oxford University Press. 205 pp. $5.*

Reviewed by Richard Elman

WHILE I'M WRITING from the 12th floor of a 15-story "rent-controlled" apartment building on New York's upper West Side, a considerable mountain of garbage is accumulating on the street below my windows; and a fire has just broken out in one of the welfare lodging houses around the corner. For the past week and a half, three Consolidated Edison men have been perfunctorily hollowing out a grave in that same street with a pneumatic drill. The trench they made is now filling up with garbage.

It's the sixth day of a strike of porters, janitors, elevator men, and building superintendents—those ignoble heroes of New York who are there to make sure that the rats attracted by my swill will be chased north to bite the toes of the children of Harlem. It's a system which may be rapidly breaking down. The building service employees, many of whom happen to be black, stand outside our buildings with picket signs tied to their yeasty chests and great smiles across their faces, as if in recognition of the fact that the middle class West Side, deprived of their services, has become as levantinized as Norman Podhoretz once thought Harlem was.

Because the landlords won't ratify any new contracts until such time as the city allows them to raise the rents in buildings like this, the garbage heaps continue to mount and the sanitation men refuse to cross the picket lines. Yesterday some of my neighbors chose direct action and spread their garbage across the streets so that they were impenetrable to cross-town bus traffic. But, when the police threatened summonses, the garbage was swept back onto the sidewalk below our windows. I went to cool off in the park by the side of the Hudson River—a waterway in which copious effusions of gasoline, excrement and rancid baby formula have depopulated the once-bounteous shad spawning grounds.

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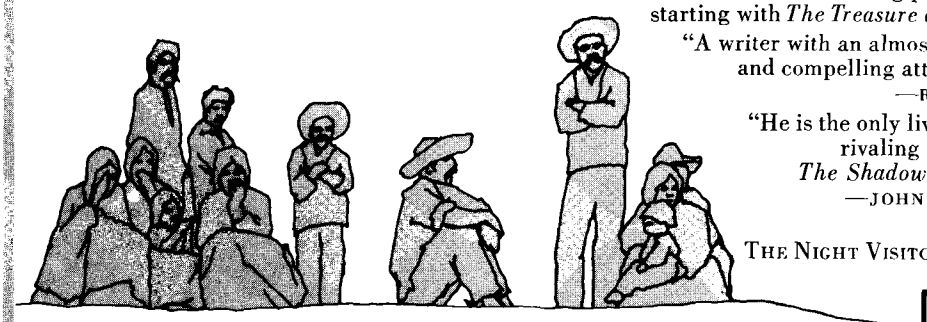

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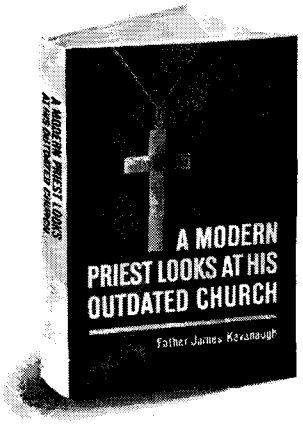

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in the midst of a high rise garbage heap such as New York, it may seem just a little smug to indulge in any of the customary put-downs of Los Angeles. Los Angeles is hardly a pleasant place to live, but what American city is? It may even be poorly governed by ignoramuses, scoundrels and fools, but what American city isn't? Moreover, New York and Los Angeles are beginning to resemble each other: my old neighborhood in Brooklyn now has a freeway cutting right through the lovely boulevard where I used to go bike-riding; and when I was in Los Angeles last summer, I was struck by the number of high rise apartment buildings which were going up in the most unlikely places, as well as by the amount of garbage on the streets of the central city.

Nevertheless, Los Angeles does seem to bring out the worst in writers. Faced with such an enormous Beckettesque sprawl, they turn vicious and condescending in the manner of the late Nathaniel West or Evelyn Waugh, or they openly celebrate its hills, its crimes, its nihilism in the manner of the late Raymond Chandler, or else they simply become puerile in the manner of Christopher Rand. Seeking to avoid the former styles when he set out to report on Los Angeles for the New Yorker, Rand obviously tried to be empirical, informative and tactful through his casually expansive discussions of the physical size of the "megapolis," its mechanical functions and organization, its occupational and racial composition, its cultural institutions, and its politics, but he never got around to telling what it was like to live in the place. It's as if Rand had composed a sexology manual to be read only by eunuchs. After a while, one gets bored with all that "tech-writing" and begins to wonder what the act feels like, just as one wonders—after reading Rand's assertion that the poverty-stricken Mexican turf in East Los Angeles is "a relief to visit" with its "little houses and rich front porch life"—whether the Mexicans take as much solace in their charming poverty as Mr. Rand and his New Yorker readers.

"L.A. may be a dual city," Rand points out in discussing problems of race and poverty, "but there is a great mutual indifference between its halves." How I wish that he had been able to describe that indifference which is the dominant ambience of the city—not only for Negroes and Mexicans, but for just about everybody. But, to do so, Rand would have had to stop talking to aerospace officials, planners, architects, and functionaries, and begin talking to people. Or he might have just sat back and allowed the city to happen to him, asking himself the question which good journalists must always ask on behalf of themselves and their readers: How would you like to live in this place?

I think one of the problems was that Rand felt overwhelmed by the enormous size and complexity of the "megapolis."

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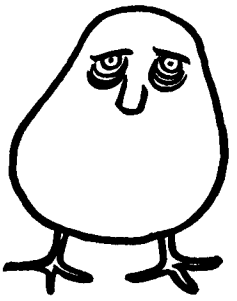

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(Above is the verbatim testimonial of a typically confused subscriber who can't tell our journalism from our satire; as a matter of principle there are never any labels in The Realist *because we prefer readers to dig their own incredibility gap. Below are the highlights of our five most* "Aarrrggh!" *issues; they cost $1 or they're free with a subscription.)*

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Celebrity Mucking —"An Impolite Interview with Woody Allen"; Steve Allen describes a bizarre dinner with William F. Buckley; "Dick Gregory and His Mississippi Airlift"; Norman Mailer's speech at Berkeley.

"Legal and Actual Concentration Camps in America"— a legacy of the McCarran Act, still ready and waiting — revisited by Charles R. Allen, the man who first broke the story in 1952.

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He thought he was examining something new ("the ultimate city"), when he was merely pouring over the same old garbage heap of speculation and greed, stretched out on a larger scale. "It's the only place in America," a friend who is a journalist insists, "where I can never get laid. Sometimes it seems like everybody else is, but I never can." And, from a Time cover story of the place, my favorite line is: "It is a tribute to the efficiency of the [L.A.] police, whose numbers have remained steady for ten years while the population has nearly doubled, that they have been able to keep up with the rising crime rate."

L.A. is presently using its garbage as land-fill for its once virgin canyons, and Rand deplores these unbeautiful man-made alterations to the mountainsides. In general, however, Rand fails as a credible witness. He describes the size of Los Angeles as "special," its shape as "hard to define," the color as "gaudy," the texture as "rich," the odor as "frontier individualist," and the atmosphere surrounding it as a "vanguard," and then neglects to mention that he is, after all, talking about a garbage heap. When Rand reports on Los Angeles the results are almost as unfortunate as if he had told some deliberate untruths.

Reading Rand's statement that "the big Los Angeles [Negro] ghetto is less unpleasant than those of our Northeastern cities," I kept wanting to know "unpleasant" for whom? Presumably, it is not *less unpleasant* to those black men who happen to reside in Watts because they, after all, have no such basis for comparison. Does Rand really think they should be grateful that they're not living in a place that's even worse? Is Watts, for that matter, as pleasant as Flint Ridge or Beverly Hills or even West Hollywood which, I presume, is what all the complaining is about. Reading such an unintentional endorsement of bungalow life in Watts by Rand, I was reminded of an unintentionally prophetic passage in the WPA guide to California (1939 edition). After reporting that L.A. had only 38,000 Negroes, "most of whom are employed as unskilled or semi-skilled workers," the anonymous writer perorated: "At night, along East 28th and East 53rd Streets, their night clubs and dance spots get 'hot,' as the young and not-so-young 'swing it.' "

Christopher Rand is never quite that ludicrous. But throughout his book he insists that Los Angeles has pioneered in the development of many important technological and cultural phenomena over the last few decades with its aerospace industries, its freeways, its bulldozed and terraced tract homes, but that is like saying of a plug race horse that it is distinguished for the amount of dung it has managed to drop along the course, or the amount of turf it has managed to kick up. It doesn't mean that Los Angeles is necessarily farsighted. For, while it was constructing that marvelous freeway system, it was simultaneously destroying a first-class rapid transit system which, at one time, extended from Pasadena down through Long Beach. When the Watts insurrection broke out, Los Angeles discovered that one of the chief grievances of the rioters was that they had been left behind, stuck in Watts, without any means of getting to jobs—even if there were such jobs.

Similarly, it may well be that "one way to view Los Angeles is as a machine," but, then, doesn't one also have to ask—in the case of a machine whose function presumably is that people should live in it—what is the machine doing? To whom? And how? Rightfully, Mr. Rand points out that Los Angeles is "bound up with technology like no other city in history," but then he instantaneously deodorizes his own statement by adding, "and technology has a will of its own." I suggest that if ever there was a cop-out for the irritating discomforts of smog, the reactionary socialism of the tidelands oil and ballistics missiles industries, and the greed of generations of land speculators, developers and planners, this may well be it. For technology may have a will of its own; so do human beings; and it is the abject surrender of millions of human wills—out of ignorance, laziness, greed, and beaten stupidity—to the wills of a few with the technological means to exercise their ambition that has resulted in that "grotesque" formation known as Los Angeles—an affliction on the face of Southern California, spreading to over seven million souls who are so addicted to their own private lives that it is commonly regarded as social behavior when the citizenry gets up a movement to protest against building better schools. True enough; even in Gutenberg's time "technology had a will of its own," but Gutenberg's innovations resulted in the printing of Bibles. What are they doing with technology in Los Angeles? Without the least trace of irony, Rand quotes an Angeleno: "Los Angeles is a trend center . . . The movies got their real start here. So did airplanes. So did the topless bathing suit. You name it. These things got going here and then they spread. Other places liked them, but not till L.A. had done the pioneering."

Ruled by the representatives of an elite of money, with the assistance of an elite of half-educated technicians and professionals, the Los Angeles which manages to pass before Mr. Rand's eyes is seen as some "ultimate" model for the wedding of social democracy and technology, but what it may actually be is the model for American fascism. By fascism I mean the establishment of a permanent corporate elite (aerospace, defense industry, think factories, the military) which maintains itself through the arbitrary application of force in places like Vietnam. Mr. Rand, like Mary McCarthy in recent issues of the New York Review of Books, notes the disproportionate number of Southern Californians who are making war in Vietnam, but he never bothers to visit their families in their homes in Los Angeles, merely likening their behavior in faith to the frontier spirit and the depredations of cowboys versus Indians. One reason why Rand doesn't ever seem to journey into lower-middle class Los Angeles, which is where the bulk of the population seems to reside, is because that's the very group of people that the upwardly mobile New Yorker audience would not care to be reminded of, but another reason may be that Rand has such a supreme faith in technology that he really doesn't care to check out the assertions of the technologists against the realities of life in L.A. If I am reading Rand correctly, Vietnam is the newest American frontier, the newest display of frustrated Manifest Destiny, but what it may also be is the best proof we have of what happens when "technology" is allowed to have "a will of its own." So, if I were Rand, I'd do my next New Yorker report about the moon. It's an even better example of that American compulsion which he calls "Manifest Destiny."

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